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Phillips Academy.

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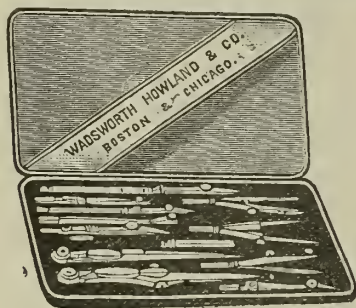
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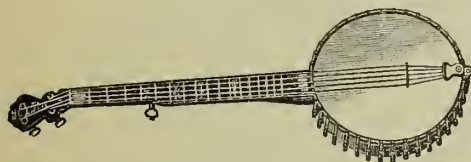
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THE MIRROR is published on the first of October, November, December, February, March, May and June of each Academic year, by the students of Phillips Andover Academy.

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It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view the editors will strive not only to secure the best work from the best pens, but also to encourage, and so far as possible to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the Alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board as occasion demands, from men who have showed marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

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All contributions should be addressed to EDITORS OF THE PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR, and all business communications to

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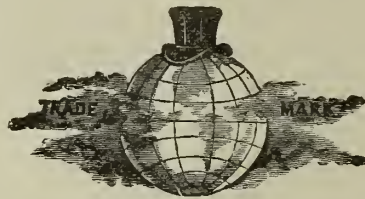
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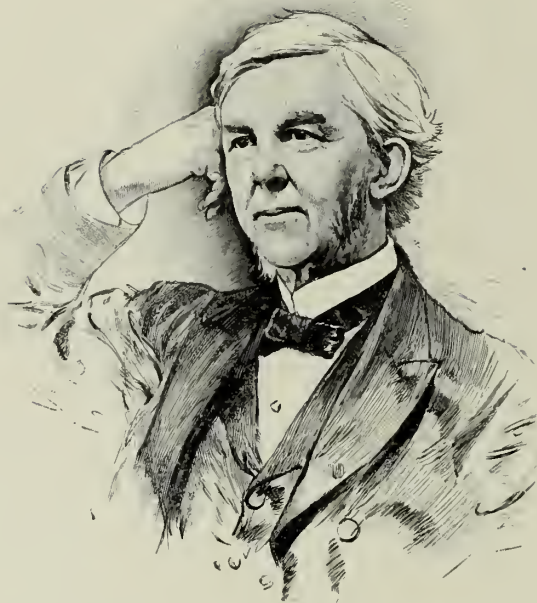
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Vol. 4.

November, 1894.

No. 2.

The Schoolboy.

(ABRIDGED.)

By Oliver Wendell Holmes, P. A. '25.

many thanks

My cheek was bare of adolescent down
When first I sought the academic town:
Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road,
Big with its filial and parental load;
The frequent hills, the lonely woods are past,
The school-boys chosen home is reached at last.
I see it now, the same unchanging spot,
The swinging gate, the little garden plot,
The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,
The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished door,
The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,
The strange, new faces, kind, but grave and still;
Two creased with age,—or what I then called age,—
Life's volume open at its fiftieth page;
One a shy maiden's, pallid, placid, sweet
As the first snowdrop which the sunbeams greet;

One the last nursling's; slight she was and fair,
 Her smoothe, white forehead warmed with auburn hair;
 Last came the virgin Hymen long had spared,
 Whose daily cares the grateful household shared,
 Strong, patient, humble; her substantial frame
 Stretched the chaste draperies I forbear to name.

Brave, but with effort, had the school-boy come
 To the cold comfort of a stranger's home;
 How like a dagger to my sinking heart
 Came the dry summons, "It is time to part:
 "Good-by!"—"Goo-ood-by!"—one fond maternal kiss,—
 Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this?
 Too young as yet with willing feet to stray
 From the tame fireside, glad to get away,—
 Too old to let my watery grief appear,—
 And what more bitter than a swallowed tear!

* * * * *

The morning came I reached the classic hall;
 A clock-face eyed me, staring from the wall;
 Beneath its hands a printed line I read:
 YOUTH IS LIFE'S SEED-TIME; so the clock-face said:
 Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed;
 Sowed—their wild oats, and reaped as they had sowed.

How all comes back! the upward slanting floor—
 The masters' thrones that flank the central door—
 The long, outstretching alleys that divide
 The rows of desks that stand on either side
 The staring boys, a face to every desk,
 Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque.

Grave is the master's look; his forehead wears
 Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares;
 Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
 His most of all whose kingdom is a school.
 Supreme he sits; before the awful frown

That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down ;
Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.

Less stern he seems, who sits in equal state
On the twin throne, and shares the empire's weight ;
Around his lips the subtile life that plays
Steals quaintly forth in many a jesting phrase ;
Pleasant when pleased ; rough-handled, not so safe ;
Some tingling memories vaguely I recall,
But to forgive him. God forgive us all !

One yet remains, whose well-remembered name
Pleads in my grateful heart its tender claim ;
His was the charm magnetic, the bright look
That sheds its sunshine on the dreariest book ;
A loving soul to every task he brought
That sweetly mingled with the lore he taught ;
Sprung from a saintly race that never could
From youth to age be anything but good,
His few brief years in holiest labor spent,
Earth lost too soon the treasure heaven had lent.
Kindest of teachers, studious to divine
Some hint of promise in my earliest line,
These faint and faltering words thou canst not hear
Throb from a heart that holds thy memory dear.

* * * * *

Once more to time's old grave-yard I return
And scrape the moss from memory's pictured urn.
Who in these days when all things go by steam,
Recalls the stage-coach with its four-horse team ?
Its sturdy driver, — who remembers him ?
Or the old landlord, saturnine and grim,
Who left our hill-top for a new abode
And reared his sign-post farther down the road ?
Still in the waters of the dark Shawshine

Do the young bathers splash and think they're clean?
Do pilgrims find their way to Indian Ridge,
Or journey onward to the far-off bridge,
And bring to younger ears the story back
Of the broad stream, the mighty Merrimack?
Are there still truant feet that stray beyond
These circling bounds to Pomp's or Hagget's pond,
Or where the legendary name recalls
The forest's earlier tenant — "Deer-jump Falls"?

Yes, every nook these youthful feet explore,
Just as our sires and grandsires did of yore;
So all life's opening paths where nature led
Their father's feet, the children's children tread.
Roll the round century's five score years away,
Call from our storied past that earliest day
When great Eliphalet (I can see him now,—
Big name, big frame, big voice, and beetling brow),
Then *young* Eliphalet — ruled the rows of boys.

* * * * *

Long as the arching skies above thee spread,
As on thy groves the dews of heaven are shed,
With currents widening still from year to year,
And deepening channels, calm, untroubled, clear,
Flow the twin streamlets from thy sacred hill —
Pieria's fount and Siloam's shaded rill.

NOTE.—For the privilege of reprinting these extracts from the "Schoolboy," and for the Frontispiece of Dr. Holmes, we are indebted to the kindness of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Golf.

IN the Constitution of Phillips Academy we read that the object of the Institution is to "teach youth the great end and real business of living." The farm was given to furnish opportunity for physical development, and the students were to be encouraged to perform daily some labor. Sport, in the modern sense, was not considered by the founders. Play was probably regarded as a part of youthful folly to be put away with other childish things as manhood developed; but that out-of-door games could "help to keep school," or in any degree aid in forming character or in fitting men for right living never entered the heart of the men of those days to conceive. They and their successors for many years would have stood aghast at tennis rackets under the school benches and canvas suits in the lecture room.

The change has certainly been for the better. School life is healthier and happier, and we have gained for the school-boy of to-day the sounder body without sacrifice of the sound mind.

But why this preface to a sketch of the game of Golf? Because, to quote from Lord Wellwood in the Badmington volume on the game, "to play it aright requires nerve, endurance, and self-control, qualities which are essential in all the great vocations," and we can therefore consider it a valuable addition to other health-giving and disciplinary games. It ought to be so regarded, and not as merely the newest fad and latest craze. It may indeed be such, and it certainly has produced a new set of cranks; but that its adherents are wise in their folly will appear on better acquaintance with it.

To quote again from Lord Wellwood: the game "is sufficient for the young and strong, and not too violent for the older and less robust, simple enough for the less ambitious to play with pleasure, and demands, if it is to be played really well, as much skill as tennis or cricket." To those in middle life the games in which excellence was gained in youth have been long since barred. The gymnasium, walking, home-gymnastics, soon become perfunctory, and are usually soon adandoned. Eclecticism carried

almost to professionalism sends many younger men as mere onlookers to the bleachers. The chief charm of golf is that it excludes no one of any age or either sex from the links. It is played not in a court or even in one field; but carries the players over, perhaps, miles of ground, affording open-air exercise in a most attractive form without exhaustion or even undue fatigue. Throughout the play the interest is sustained. Every new play creates new problems, each lay of the ball demands study, and possibly a different stroke or change of club. It is a social game. The onlookers may act as caddies, carry the clubs, mark the fall of the ball, or join in the discussion of the best method of extricating it from a difficult lay without disturbing the player, providing they are silent when the stroke is being made, or preventing his using the skill required to play a winning game.

Naturally in match games more formality obtains, and rules and etiquette are more closely observed. Well played the game demands constant practice, good judgment in the choice of clubs, and acquired skill in delivering the various strokes.

For the rules, or a detailed description of the game, reference must be made to the books; but it may be interesting to briefly describe the links, and perhaps follow a play over a few holes.

The links may be laid out over any open country — pastures, barren land, or lawns, — and may be made as smooth or rough as one pleases. Nine holes are usually considered sufficient, placed at varying distances apart. They are formed by sinking sections of japanned or galvanized iron pipe about four inches in length and four and a half inches in diameter, in the centre of "putting greens," which should be of turf rolled reasonably smooth, and from fifteen to thirty yards in diameter. Between the holes we expect to find certain difficulties — hazards — some winns, (patches of gorse or furze), bunkers, (sand or gravel pits). The more the ground varies the greater the interest in the play. The strokes made between the holes are counted, the party gaining a hole with the fewest strokes winning. Whoever wins the greatest number of holes wins the game. A record of the total number of strokes made in making the round of the links may also be kept as a test of excellence in play.

We begin the game on the "teeing ground" on a smooth lawn. The first hole is 215 yards away, the lawn lies before us, for 133 yards clear of any hazard; then there runs across it a thin line of irregularly placed firs, flanked by a deeper thicket of hard wood saplings. A long drive may land the ball in either of these hazards, and cause many exasperating and futile strokes before it is extricated. Be moderately ambitious, and land safely if possible just this side the trees. This stroke is made with the driver. If successfully accomplished, the ball lies a few yards from the trees, perhaps before an opening through them. If sure of commanding right direction the cleek may be used for a good drive to the hillside beyond; if not, or if the trees are too close, the loftier is better, a good stroke will carry the ball *over* the hazard and further up the hill, clear of the thick grass at its foot. The hole now lies 70 yards from us. If the ball lies well we use the wooden driver, if in the grass the cleek, iron driver, if in a hollow the loftier again. As we approach the hole, but are yet too far for effective "putting," a wrist stroke with the mashie lifts the ball high and drops it "dead" on the green. Then the putter comes into play, and at last the ball is rolled into the hole.

Between us and the next hole lies a bad piece of ground. Seventy-five yards from us a rail fence runs at right angles across the line of play; on the left lies a salt pond, and on the right a piece of marsh flanked by a thicket of alders, brambles, and vines; directly before us is a cart path with deep ruts, running through an opening in the fence. To hit the fence to the left may cause the ball to glance into the pond; to drive to the right may land it in the marsh, and in either case it is a lost ball and a lost hole, or many strokes added to the score; to drive straight will probably place the ball in the road, when nine times out of ten it quietly rolls into a deep rut. To land it clear of all demands a long, hard, straight drive, with nerve, skill, and strength to make it. Assume that the stroke fails. The ball is hit on top and bounds a few yards, settling complacently in the ruts. Now the iron niblick is chosen, and with its short, thick head slightly inclined backwards, after some distressing failures, the ball is finally landed in the grass, and there is a chance for a drive again.

As we approach the third hole a bunker lies nearly parallel to the desired line of flight of the ball. A stroke not quite true, or the wind, carries the ball over its side, and leaves it among the stones or in the gravel at its foot. Now the choice of clubs lies between the loftier and the niblick. Caution is absolutely necessary; the lay of the ball must be considered; to attempt to lift it directly up the face of the bunker may result in its falling back, again and again; the ball must be struck, not scooped; to loft-lift it you must get under it, and strike hard; but it may be better to play for position, even back from the direction in which the hole lies, and avoid breaking a stick among the stones.

In driving from this hole, where now a long, hard drive is best, to carry if possible over the road, beyond the old ploughed ground and past the remains of an old stone wall, otherwise a struggle with them all and a rapidly mounting score is inevitable.

Before the last hole has been reached we shall have traversed more than a mile of ground, and passed perhaps an hour and a half in exercising legs, arms, back, ankles, and wrists. The time has been spent in the open air, without exhaustion or strain. "The mind has been constantly but not laboriously exercised, the blood thoroughly oxidized and made to flow evenly throughout the body, without abnormal concentration upon the brain. These are the indispensable conditions of sound and certain sleep, and are admirably fulfilled by regular and systematic golfing. Golf has the merit of being a real cure under reasonable physiological conditions, and with the cure of sleeplessness it brings strengthened muscles, a toned-up heart, a vigorous appetite, and sound digestion." To this testimony of the London Hospital may be added that of those who play it, that it is a *good game*.

In Harper's Monthly for October of this year Casper Whitney writes on "Golf in the Old Country," and in the Weekly of October 13th gives a somewhat detailed description of the play. W. E. Morris, in the Mid-summer number of the Century for 1892 has a very readable article on this subject; and the Badmington Series devotes to it an entire volume. The cost of establishing a links need not be great.

Sticks cost about two dollars each, and four are all that is absolutely

necessary — the wooden driver, cleek, mashy, and putter. The iron niblick and loftier, however, had better be added. If economy presses, four-inch flower-pots may be used for lining the holes. The cost for balls depends upon the number lost and knocked up in the play ; but in any events, get the best. The game may not find votaries in Andover ; but should the craze seize upon the schools, it is safe to predict that it will prove a source of enjoyment and benefit to all who may attempt it.

Alpheus H. Hardy, P. A. '57.



De Truf.

De hyabest is ready, but de reapahs is few
Whaffo yo asayin' dah's nuffin to do?
Does yo s'pose to go loafin' de long wintah through?
Does yo specks de Lawd's gwine to keep niggahs like you?

Go out in de highways an' gaddah dem in;
Doan say dat means preachahs : dat's gettin' too thin;
Heah's enough lazy niggahs fo to make de work spin,
An' dahs only one time, an' dats now, to begin.

Doan talk about hyabest homes des yet awhile —
Dis aint no time fo yo niggahs to smile —
Des open yo eyes, an' see mile on mile
Ob human wotah mellions 'bout ready to spile.

Den tell me dis aint no time fo to work !
Dat's all mighty fine fo yo niggahs dat shirk,
But de debil is in yo, an' dah he will lurk
Twel de all-seein' Lawd gins a wink to his clerk.

An' He says to his clerk says He : " Build me a fiah
As high as de highes' church steeple an' highah,
Twel I burn ebery drone right along wid de liah ;
Doan keer ef he's preachah, or deacon, or squiah."

An' den de nex minute, afore yo kin tell,
Yo 'll be chucked in de fiah an' brimstonie ob Hell,
An' when yo own meat on de fiah yo smell
Dah's de time fo to kick, an' to shout, an' to yell.

An' yo 'll call to de Lawd, an' yo 'll say " Lookee heah :
Recollec how I sarbed yo an' moved in yo feah."
An' de debil 'll fork yo, and say wid a sneer,
" Any man wot's got time to spah ortn't to feah."

An' den's when yo 'll squirm an' yo 'll shout, an' yo 'll scream,
But all yo salt wotah 'll turn into steam ;
An' yo wont come too, fo to find its no dream,
But de facs as dey is in de Great Book yo 's seen.

Now spose, on de oddah han', yo an' yo kin
Go hustlin' to save all yo bretheren from sin,
Not stan' roun' de church door a axin' dem in,
But git on de highways and waggle yo chin.

An' when yo's got through instercatin' yo search
An' cram-filled de seats in de meetin'-house church
Yo 'll be sho ob yo wings an' go hyap an yo pearch,
For de Lawd nebbah leabes hustlin' mans in de learch.

An' yo 'll heah de Lawd tell his clerk, "Dem lazy mans
Wot uster sit on de yath holdin dey hans
Is larned bettah sense from de way de 'count stans,
So we 'll just let em into de great Promist Lans.

An' den when de clerk rolls dem bright eyes about,
An' commences fo to fill dem blank tickets out,
Dah 'll be plenty ob time fo yo niggahs to shout
An' talk bout yo neighbahs wot 's bein' locked out.

Too Late.

JOHN HARDY was a poor man: there certainly was no doubt about that. Yet he was an honest, hard-working man as well, and loved his wife with all his great heart. He had been blessed with all the privileges and advantages of good birth, and was used to being petted and spoiled as an only son usually is. Old Mr. Hardy was bound that his son should have a good education and everything that money and care could do to make a successful man, and consequently was stunned and enraged when John, in the course of his college course, fell in love with and married a girl of much lower station than his own. The shock to Mr. Hardy's ambitions was so severe that he at once closed his doors against his son, and forbade his entering them again, besides cutting him off without a cent of money. Mrs. Hardy was broken-hearted, and in vain attempted to heal the breach between father and son. As for John, he was as obstinate and angry as his father, and swore that he would never accept aid from any one, and was capable of earning his own living.

So it happened that John Hardy left his hitherto happy home and the friends of his college days, and, owing to the kind assistance of an old acquaintance, obtained a humble position in the civil engineer corps of the Boston and Lowell Railroad. John and his wife went to B—, one of the termini of the road, and established themselves in a boarding-house, necessarily cheap on account of their means, for John's pay was small for two to live on.

The cause of John's banishment was an innocent, pretty, little woman, who, although of lower station than her husband, was refined and educated, and what is of more importance, deeply in love with John. Had it not been for her love for him, she never would have consented to be a party to a marriage without the consent of his parents. It is not necessary to say that John was devoted to his wife, and that in spite of the unhappy circumstances of their marriage, they were extremely happy with each other.

The days passed, and John's mother lived in the hope of a final recon-

ciliation, but his father remained obdurate. Nothing was heard from their son, who meanwhile was gradually working upward and showing his employers what sort of man he was. It was at this time that the great strike began to become manifest in the roads running the Pullman cars, and soon the Boston and Lowell began to have trouble with its employees. Matters went from bad to worse, and soon the strikers were destroying property right and left. All traffic was stopped, and the men who still remained with the road, did so at their peril, for the enraged strikers threatened their lives. John Hardy was busier than ever during these days, for the work of many devolved upon few, and he could not afford to leave his place out of sympathy for the strikers. His wife waited anxiously for his return every evening, for there was a fear deep in her heart lest something should happen to him who was her all in all.

At this critical point in John's work, there came a letter from his father, saying that he was forgiven and begging him to come at once and bring his wife to live with them the remainder of his life. John's stern resolutions broke down at the pitiful pleading of the letter, and he immediately telegraphed that he would come as soon as his affairs could be settled and they could get ready to leave. What a happy evening that was after the receipt of the letter! John and his wife made plans and built air-castles for the future, proposing to leave the turbulent B— on the morrow. They were to start in the afternoon, and John left the house in the morning to make the final arrangements, promising to be back for an early dinner. The little wife finished what packing was necessary, and sat down to await her husband's home coming for the last time. While sitting by the window idly watching the passers-by, she fell asleep and dreamed of the welcome the dear father and mother would give them as they stood before them hand in hand to receive the blessing so long delayed.

Suddenly she awoke with a start, hearing the tread of heavy boots on the stairs and a knock on the door. Hastening to open it with a strange dread at her heart, she found a stalwart laborer who had often been sent by her husband for something he needed or had left behind.

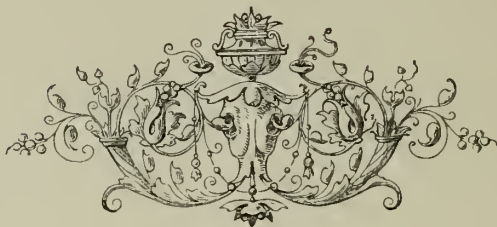
"Well, Duncan?" she said, with a quick glance at his face.

"Please, Missus Hardy, there's bin some trouble ter the orfice," stammered the man, "an' someun tried fur ter shoot Mr. John's clerk, but Mr. John he interfered an' got the bullet intended for the clerk an'—"

"Oh, Duncan! it *can* not be, it *shall* not be that my husband is—"

"Dead," slowly responded the man.

William Henry Field.



Straight from the Shoulder.

"HE looks as though he could strike a pretty hard blow," said Cerrigg, "An extremely hard blow," he repeated, looking admiringly at Whetson who, with sleeves rolled up above his elbows, was chopping wood for the camp-fire. Cerrigg was one of a party of five college men who were out on their first hunting trip, and Whetson was the guide, who drove one of the teams, did the cooking, and shot most of the game, for while each of the college men considered himself an excellent marksman, yet when the supply of meat ran short Whetson was generally given a gun and sent out to "try his luck," which always proved to be very good.

When he came back to the fire, a few minutes later, dragging two large logs, Cerrigg said to him, "Whetson, we were just looking at your arms and wondering if you ever boxed. You ought to be able to hit pretty hard."

"No," said he slowly, after a moment's hesitation, "I never struck a man hard but once." And then he sat down and gazed into the fire with a rather sad expression on his face. Of course everyone was much surprised and interested at once, and wanted to hear all about it. Whetson, however, seemed averse to saying anything more, but, after a rather embarrassing pause he began :

"Five years ago I was working for the Torriss-Furton Lumber Company as paymaster. It was just the close of the season and I was travelling up the Beaver River, paying off the choppers. One evening I struck the little settlement called Black Creek, and put up at "the Hotel," as it was called. The place was full of lumbermen, tobacco smoke, and the smell of bad whiskey. Everybody was talking and swearing pretty loudly, and two or three who had evidently taken a drop or so too much were especially noisy, so I concluded that the best thing for me to do was to get a bite to eat and go to my room, rather than stay down stairs and run the risk of getting into a row with some of the men who were sure to be pretty ugly in an hour or so. When I came out of the dining-room I saw the landlord in one corner of the room talking with three disreputable-look-

ing men. On seeing me he picked up my satchel and beckoning me to follow, started down the hall to show me to my room, which I was sorry to find was on the ground floor, at the end of the wing. When I asked whether I could not have one upstairs, I was informed in a surly tone of voice that I would have to take that or nothing.

"As soon as he had gone I lighted a candle and looked about me. The room, which at one time had evidently been a parlor, fortunately had but two windows, neither of which, however, was more than five feet from the ground. One of these I fastened by sticking my large knife firmly into the upper sash. The other I barricaded by pushing the bureau in front of it in such a way that any attempt to remove it would awaken me. The door I locked and tied the key to the knob with a piece of twine. All this probably seems very foolish to you easterners, but after you have seen a little more of the west you wont think so. Then after putting my money belt between the mattresses, I got into bed and tried to go to sleep. Although I was very tired I laid awake for some time; whether it was because of the moon, which was shining brightly through one of the windows, or that I was nervous that night, I do not know, but at any rate I remember having heard the clock in the office strike eleven.

After that I must have dozed off, for when next I opened my eyes it was to look into the barrel of a revolver held within six inches of my face. Fortunately the man holding it was at that moment looking towards the window, where two others were preparing to enter. I shut my eyes again quickly and tried to think. Certainly whatever was to be done must be done before the other men got into the room. All at once I had an inspiration. Heaving a sigh, I began to turn slowly over on my side, at the same time raising my hand to my eyes as a sleeping man might. Then suddenly grabbing the revolver, I jumped out of bed and closed with him. Taken so completely by surprise, he made but slight resistance, and in a second I had him on the floor and was kneeling on him. Luckily for me, in our fall the pistol had been knocked out of his hand and had rolled out of reach. Just then he made an effort to rise, but quick as a shot I struck him in the head with my fist. His eyes closed and his grip relaxed, so that I knew that he would be quiet for a time at least. As I was doing

this I heard the others climbing in the window, so snatching up the revolver I fired. The burglar scrambled back out of the window and I jumped after him in time to see them both disappearing around the corner of the house. I fired two more shots and "winged" one of them. The other escaped.

By this time most of the people in the neighborhood had been aroused and came running up, but, strange to say, the landlold was one of the last to appear. The two thieves were arrested and sent to the penitentiary hospital, where one of them died about a month later from the effects of the blow I had given him. Yes," said Whetson, as if in reply to some question, "it was, straight from the shoulder."

Edward F. Hinkle.



Jack.

FOR six months previous to September 1888, the entire Sweet-water river district of Wyoming had been constantly in a state of lawlessness. Cattle thefts were exceedingly numerous, and, in consequence, lynchings and fights were frequent. Up in the very centre of the cattle-range country, for that reason the scene of many disturbances, was located the stage station Rongis. It was more of a ranch than anything else. Tom Signor owned it, and when his men were not away on a round-up, he quartered them and their outfits on the premises ordinarily occupied by the Rawlins and Casper stage line. Rongis was thirty miles distant from Fort Casper, the terminus of the Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley Railroad, and about fifty miles from Rawlins, on the Union Pacific. It consisted of two large buildings, a barn, a lodging-house built of logs, and several small sheds. In the left-hand room of the lodging was a saloon and a post-office, in the room next a general store.

Here, seated on a step which extended the length of the building, were three of Signor's men, engaged in conversation; they had been sitting there almost an hour now, but during that time not a word had been spoken loud enough to be understood by the store's only occupant, a seventeen year old lad, who was diligently working on a small ledger lying open on the counter before him. This boy was tall and slender, his eyes were brown, his face freckled, and there was a gentle look about his features that gave him a girlish appearance; then, too, his voice was not loud nor strong. In the words of his employer, Signor, he was the "durndest, quietest kid he ever saw, too almighty nice for these parts."

Jack Allen was a quiet boy because he was not like other boys; he had come to Rongis nearly a year ago in answer to an advertisement in the Cheyenne News. He knew enough about book-keeping and work in general to satisfy Signor, so he had stayed. At first the men around the station took a dislike to him, because of his quiet disposition and inclination to avoid their company, and his apparent disinterest in their doings, but when they knew him better their dislike ceased, and some of the

men had come to the conclusion that the kid meant well enough, although he was a little shy.

To-day Jack regretted that he was not more friendly with the men for something unusual was up, and he couldn't imagine what it was. Early in the morning Signor had taken all but three of his men, and ridden away up the river. It was four o'clock now, and they had not yet returned. Finally Jack closed the ledger, got down from the stool, and walked to the doorway. "Say Lee," he asked of one of the men on the step, "anything unusual going on to-day?"

"Signor has missed about forty steers, and is tracking them," Lee answered. "If he finds any one around the place has stole them, it'll go hard with him I'm thinking."

"Does he think one of our men took them?" Jack asked.

"Well, he's got a pretty good idea;" and Lee looked at his companions in a meaning sort of way.

Jack stepped out of doors, and walked toward the barn. Can it be that Lou has been stealing again? thought Jack. He promised me that he wouldn't. I don't think that he would dare to take so many, any way. Then he remembered the stories that some of the men had told about young Bob Cooper, how during the year before Bob had stolen two hundred head of cattle, and sold them to Jim Averil, who lived down on the Casper trail. Averil and a woman named "Cattle Kate" owned a saloon and gambling hall, half way between Rongis and Casper, the revenue of which consisted almost entirely of stolen cattle.

Kate Averil was pretty,—the only woman in the county. It was easy work for her to incite cow-boys to theft that they might gamble and drink in her company, and Bob Cooper was but one of many whose infatuation for her was the cause of a death by rope. In that country cattle owners hung their best friends if they caught them "lifting" steers, and Jack knew that Lou Dale, Signor's foreman, would be no exception if once he was found out.

Entering the barn, Jack saddled a pony, mounted, and started out down the Casper trail. Guess I had better meet Lou, he said to himself, and tell him there is likely to be trouble. About a mile from the ranch

he saw Signor coming. With him were about fifty or more others. As they came nearer he could see old man Bothwell, who owned a neighboring ranch, and he noticed also that many of Bothwell's men were in the crowd. Pete Judson, the sheriff, was there too. I'll bet they have found out about Lou he thought, and if they have it will go mighty hard with him. As he met Signor and his party he said, "I am going down to the upper 33 after Casper mail." Joe went in for it yesterday. Signor only nodded, and Jack rode past down the trail.

Soon he came to a place where, behind the hills, the road divided, and instead of taking the one to upper 33 ranch, he took the one towards Casper, urging his pony along at a fast gallop. After riding fifteen minutes or so he came to a bridge where the trail turned, and when he had rounded the hill he saw Lou coming, his pony walking, while Lou himself seemed lost in thought. At first he did not see Jack, who had slowed up on reaching the bridge, but when he heard the pony's hoofs he looked up quickly, then Jack saw that he was angry for some reason, and not at all pleased at seeing him. Finally Lou spoke; "What the devil do you want, Kid? going to preach some more?"

"No," Jack answered quietly. "The old man's getting up a reception for you at the ranch. I thought perhaps you would like to know it."

Lou started. "What's the racket?"

"Look here, Lou," Jack said, "You ought to know you can't steal cattle for ever, and never get caught. Signor missed the forty head you drove off night before last. I think he tracked them from Averil's to Rawlin's where they were shipped. If you don't quit Kate now she'll have you."

"That's my business," Lou broke in; "now how much have you guessed, and how much do you know?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I guessed it all; but Signor can guess as much as I; he has missed the cattle, and is getting ready for some kind of a rumpus. I just met a whole crowd of them, Bothwell and Judson and all their men riding towards the station."

"Darn the difference," Lou replied uneasily, "He'll never find it out, and I've quit the woman;" sold, any how, he added slowly. "She's been

playing me all along, and I never found it out till to-day. I tell you what, Jack, your cussed preaching's been 'getting in its deadly work on me. I've been thinking all comin' down from Averill's that now would be a good time to take a brace; I haven't been out of this county for nine years, and by fall I can earn enough dust to go home and stay there, and I'm goin' to do it, if I have to split wood, and what's more, Jack, you're coming with me."

Jack did not answer.

"You haven't anything to keep you out in this forsaken country," Lou went on; "it's a darn big wonder to me what the devil ever made you come; but if you don't go back with me to keep me straight, I'll go wrong again."

"Perhaps," was all Jack answered.

They were silent for awhile; then Lou asked, "Where did you tell the old man you were going when you rode out here?"

"To 33 for Cusper mail," answered Jack; but I'll tell him I met you and you had it. It will be O.K."

Then they reached the junction, and the pony's were spurred into a gallop. Both were silent for a long while; but when they had almost reached the ranch Jack said, "Say, Lou, if anything happens to-night, remember you're going to be on the square after to-day, and if all is lovely, and you are not found out, remember just the same, no more drink, no more cards, stealing, or women."

"Don't know 'bout the liquor. I don't want to be a saint. I'll try it awhile, anyway," answered Lou, and they turned up the road into the yard.

No one was in sight. Dismounting, Lou led the ponies into the barn, while Jack entered the saloon with the mail. Signor was sitting in a chair, with hat pulled down over his eyes, and as Jack came in looked up without speaking. Just then there was a sound of scuffling from the barn, an oath, then the noise ceased. Signor listened, arose, and went out. Jack looked after him, but could see no one. Ten minutes passed; still no one appeared. Then walking out-doors, he went down past the barn. It was full of men. Jack looked for Lou, but could

not see him. Just then Bothwell came out toward him, "Your pard's quered himself," he explained, "been liftin' steers; some says string him up, some says fill him full of lead; I say shoot the cuss. I'd shoot every darned stealer in the state if I had him," and Bothwell grinned.

Jack felt his strength all leave him when Bothwell spoke. It was with difficulty he got back to the saloon. Just what I have been afraid of all along he said to himself; and sinking into a chair, he tried to devise some means of helping Lou. Shortly after, Signor entered. Jack looked up quickly. "What will they do with Lou?" he inquired. "What has he done?"

"Run about fifty head over to Kate's" was the reply. "Most of them is Judson's. Judson says he ought to swing for it. But I wash my hands of the job. Bob used to be a pretty good man before he got gone on Kate."

Suddenly a thought struck Jack. He arose, and going over to the bar, he took paper and pen and began to write. Quite a while after, when a crowd of men came pouring into the saloon for whiskey, Jack was still writing, nodding to the men to help and charge what they took to themselves.

"Kid's white around the gills. Takes it kind o' hard I reckon, but's no use making a fuss, he'll get over it," remarked Bothwell.

Jack directed an envelope, put in his letter, and went out into the feed room. Then he stole quietly out the back door into the darkness, back of the sheds, to the rear door of the barn. He listened. He could hear horses chewing and moving around, but nothing else. He whistled. No answer. Then hearing his pony whinney, he went quietly down to her stall, and on the floor outside he found Lou, tied hand and foot and gagged. Quickly untying the lariat which bound him, he loosened the gag. "Get up, quick Lou," he said. "Tie me as you were, quick, they won't hurt me when they find out that it is not you."

"But they were going to drag me by Lilly," whispered Lou.

"All right, leave the gag out and I'll yell when they begin, that will tell that it's me. Take Leo, make a run for the railroad. You can make it by to-morrow. You will have half an hour's lead, and here, take this

note, read it when you are on the train, not before. There is some money in my coat pocket, and above all remember, Lou, be good."

By this time Lou had wound Jack up in the lariat as tightly as he himself had been. "Goodbye Kid, I can't shake," he said, "catch the train after me. I'll wait for you at Denver."

"Lou, I always was a little queer, you say. In case I can't come, kiss me goodbye now." Lou bent over and kissed him as he was asked, then taking his pony, without saddle or bridle, he went out. For a moment all was silent, then came the sound of a galloping horse. "He might have made less noise," Jack thought, "that racket will bring out every man in the house." Sure enough, three or four men came running out, but finding Jack there, they made no outcry.

Hardly had the clattering of hoofs died away in the distance, when the rest of the men came from the saloon. Many were drunk, talking and cursing loudly. "Lou will never get away with this small lead," thought Jack, "I must stick it out or they will catch him." Then he heard Bothwell yell, "You fellows stay out here till I bring him out," and coming into the barn he loosed Lilly, and leading her out the door, dragged Jack at the rope's length behind. Outside the moon was shining brightly. Jack could see the men as they crowded around. Most of them were holding pistols. Then Bothwell raised a large cow gad and struck the pony across the flanks. Instantly she made a plunge forward, simultaneously the crowd fired. Jack felt himself dragged over the stones and sand at a fearful pace. Now and then he struck a rock and bounded into the air, but somehow or other it didn't seem to hurt much when he struck again. His limbs felt numb. There was a constant buzzing in his ears. In a confused way he heard the pistol shots and yells. Then consciousness left him.

* * * * *

Early in the morning Lee was wakened by Lilly's neighing. Looking out of the window he saw the pony standing by the barn-door. Still tied to her was the body, torn and bleeding. He put on his overalls and went out to stable the pony. With a hatchet he cut the lariat, turned Lilly into the stable, and went to drag the body to the roadside. Then

he saw Jack. The clothes were torn from the shoulders where the body had struck the ground and dragged. He knelt down and pulled entirely away the clothes from the breast. Then, with a yell, he made for the house at full speed, never stopping for doors but breaking straight through them. "My God, Signor! Wake up, wake up! We shot Jack, not Dale; and Jack's not Jack, she's a girl."

Signor sat up in bed, and Pete almost dragged him out to the place where the body lay. Signor ran, then going into the stable he found Lou missing. "Pete," he said, "I was against this job from the start. I spoke for tar and feathers, but Bothwell and Judson would have their way. Let's keep this thing mum, you and I, will you, and never blab?"

"Yes," answered Pete, "I will, and we'll bury Jack ourselves. What's this?" he added, picking up an envelope addressed to Lou. "Dales dropped this when he lit out." Signor opened and read it.

"DEAR LOU,

When you read this I will be so far away that you can't ever see me again. I lied to you when I said that I would yell when they dragged me, for I knew all the time if I should yell they would have time to catch you. When I was very little my mother used to dress me in boys' clothes. I suppose for the reason that a girlish-looking boy could beg more money than a boyish-looking girl. She always told me girls were no use. I almost believed her when I couldn't find girls' work to do in Cheyenne. So I went back to boys' clothes again and came to Rongis. If you will try to lead a better life now, Lou, I will think perhaps I was of some use after all.

Affectionately yours,

JACK."

Marbridge.

My Lady in the Car.

MY friend and I entered the five o'clock car to Andover shortly before the hour for starting. He seemed to have fallen into a reverie, and to amuse myself I began to survey our fellow passengers. My notice was especially attracted to the middle of the left tier of seats, where two young ladies sat facing us. To judge from their general bright appearance and their luggage, which occupied the seat in front of them, they were college girls home for the vacation. I began to study them more closely. The larger and possibly the older of the two possessed that golden brown hair so admired among the high classes of Germany; her eyes were blue and frank, and shaded by dark eye-brows and a clean-cut forehead. Under this minute examination she instinctively turned toward her observer, and I looked away to avoid being rude. I tried to think of something else, but my thoughts unconsciously reverted to the fair one, and I looked again, this time to study her. She was tall and well-rounded, and wore a blue costume with a shirt bosom and collar, which quite became her figure. Occasionally she turned and spoke with an elderly gentleman sitting behind whom I had entirely overlooked up to this time, and whom I took to be a family acquaintance. When she talked, she showed a beautiful set of teeth; in fact, she was lovely.

Presently the younger of the two, who had been watching me, whispered something to her companion, which my imagination construed was a remark about us, for the "lovely" one, with a single short glance "took us both in," and then looked away.

Just before we reached Lowell Junction they made a little movement toward their satchels, and I was fearful lest they were going to leave us. It was only to arrange them, however, much to my relief, for by this time I had become thoroughly interested, and was beginning to coin a history for them. But there is an end to all things; our train reached Andover on time, and we were forced to leave the car.

On our way up from the station I asked my companion if he did not

think the one in blue a "beauty." To my astonishment he replied, "No, boy, you don't know a pretty girl when you see one." I was thunderstruck !

"De gustibus non disputandum."

Dead Head.

Tell me, Silent Moon.

TELL me, O silent moon,
That with visage so placid and mild,
Hast, in thy star-lighted wanderings,
Viewed every waste, every wild.
In all thy round of past ages,
In remotest seclusion of earth,
Hast thou seen, hast thou heard, of a spot
Where life is all pleasure and mirth ?
I have asked of the fleet wingéd winds,
That sigh and moan in their flight,
To tell of some favored haven
Where life is all joy and delight.
Then, too, I have asked of the ocean,
Its waves ever ebbing and flowing,
But neither can give me an answer ;
Golden moon, art thou also unknowing ?
Knowest thou not some pleasant dell,
Some valley far away,
Where men sin not, nor grieve, nor die,
Where darkness turns to day ?
No ; thou also art silent ;
Tis well for mankind that thou art ;
For by toil, pain, and grief earn we peace,
When from misery and sin we depart.

Marbridge.

Editorials.

SELDOM has this school been privileged in a character more inspiring and ennobling in its influence and example than that of her most distinguished alumnus, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. In times of weakness the life of such a man cannot fail to give us strength, cannot help but fill the heart of every student of this institution with a sincere ambition to emulate one whose nature was stored with purity, sweetness, and integrity. This venerable school fosters the memory of one first in the ranks of her many noble sons. Dr. Holmes held a lasting affection for his alma mater. We are glad that Phillips Andover had the honor of laying the foundations of that great mind, which in turn paid tribute to the source whence sprung those first inspirations. We rejoice that he has left with us a monument of his regard for our Academy in the poem entitled, "The Schoolboy," which we print on another page. Never shall be lost the influence which has radiated from the life and works of our beloved poet, our venerated alumnus.

In the old arm-chair he peacefully, gently fell asleep, a changing of the soul which was in perfect harmony with his whole life. There was nothing of the ostentatious in the character of Dr. Holmes. It was simple, serene, unpretending. Virtue seemed natural to it; evil fundamentally foreign. Here was a great heart, ingenuous, and of high principle. From the Wendells he inherited that thrift, industry, and caution so characteristic of the Dutch; from the Holmes came Puritan decision and staunchness of heart, together with his love for books. Born amidst the classic surroundings of Cambridge, he acquired his first bits of education from "tumbling about" his father's library, Abiel Holmes being a graduate of Yale College and the pastor of the Congregational Church there.

The best exponents of Dr. Holmes' character are his many literary works. Every poem, every article is an incentive to make men love the author. From all these writings shines out the fine breeding and the genius of him who Walter Besant says "stands behind every book that he ever wrote, genial, kindly, true of heart and sweet of speech," and who

another author says "fumigates the mind with the incense of his own intellectual purity and leaves it sweet and clean." Dr. Holmes was pre-eminently an optimist. His mind was broad and progressive to the last. The writer can recall now the sunny face and the intent look of interest on the poet's countenance as he sat in a box of the Tremont Theatre last winter, and with manifestly keen appreciation and enjoyment beheld the masterly acting of Irving and Terry in "King Henry VIII."

Socially, the poet was winning to his wide circle of friends, and the gifts which he annually received in such profusion at his birthday entertainments came spontaneously from the hearts of the multitude who esteemed him. Possessed of an urbane temperament, it has been said that no man excelled Dr. Holmes as a charming, witty, brilliant, and entertaining conversationalist. He enjoyed praise, but he always seemed to withstand those outward influences which tended so strongly toward conceit. He was a faithful and patient worker. Nothing from his pen in a crude or undeveloped state. He knew his limits, and he attempted only that which his conscience told him he could accomplish well. Sympathy and kindness enlightened his soul. It is not so much as one of our foremost writers that we mourn the death of Dr. Holmes, but rather as one of those few blessed characters whom we may look upon and find no blemish, from whom spring those saintly qualities and high ambitions which the heart of mankind so admires.

The "Autocrat's" first literary attempts were made here in Andover where he wrote a creditable translation from Virgil's first book of the Aeneid. It is a significant fact that in revising this, his first verse, in later years, Dr. Holmes made but few changes from the original. His poem, "The Schoolboy," has flavor akin to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." As we read these homely lines we can clearly imagine the ponderous chase rolling in over the turnpike, and the homesick lad of fifteen alighting under the great elms of Andover Hill. The distinctive feature of his style is its simplicity and purity. There is nothing bordering the gradiloquent or ambiguous. Dr. Holmes' works require no "key." Never has the scope and the meaning of the English language been better disclosed. His style somewhat resembles that of Goldsmith, Pope, or Camp-

bell. His poetry was not in its treatment strictly lyrical, yet through its "felicity of phrase and electric adaptation to the feeling of the hour, it shook the hearts and lived upon the lips of men."

As a literaturer, Dr. Holmes is better known through his prose works than through his poems. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" placed him on the highest level of American literature. The exquisite touch of the master of English prose is here to each sentence and phrase what the painter's stroke of coloring and shading is to the master-piece of high art. Through "its humor, sentiment, and philosophy 'The Autocrat' blended in a charming whole the qualities of the romance, essay, and poem." Who has not enjoyed the keen wit of "The One Horse Shay," or the stirring patriotism of "Old Ironsides?" There is not a writing which Dr. Holmes has given to the public which has not bettered the reader. In his own words:

"If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
Through my dumb life the heaven-sent messenger came;
If hand of mine another's task has brightened,
It felt the guidance."

The education of Dr. Holmes was remarkable for its breadth. Accomplished primarily as a man of letters, he was also proficient in law, and a skilled medical teacher and practitioner. Can there be a greater incentive to education, to wisdom, and consciousness in all walks of life than in the brilliant record of our beloved Oliver Wendell Holmes?

Does the school want another annual this year? Most certainly it does. Does the school realize that not through lack of appreciation or merit, but through want of financial support, both the Masque and the Pot-Pourri have failed? Does it realize that one of two alternatives is to be chosen by it? Either the school will offer the support that is expected from it, and we shall have another good book, or that support will not be given and the editors will undertake nothing—Andover will have no longer an annual. The literary societies have elected an able board, but

these men will do nothing till they have absolute financial pledges to cover the outlay. This is right. It is good business. We cannot allow the money credit of the school to degenerate longer. Our former annuals have been equal to most and superior to many of the leading college books. They have both failed, causing their editors heavy sacrifice. Let every man contribute his share to insure another annual this year !

Travellers in this country seldom fail to remark how little we Americans walk, and to them many of us give the proverbial Yankee answer, "We haven't got time." That this is not generally true we have no hesitation in declaring. And on real consideration we can find no good reason why we do not walk more.

In the German University the students do a great deal of walking, and many of them spend the whole summer vacation in tramping through Switzerland. In Scotland it is no uncommon thing for children of eight or ten to walk several miles to school ; and such training has no doubt justly earned for the Scotchman the epithet "hardy." The English people consider walking a luxury, and the school-boys look forward to nothing with more anticipation than a tramp among the hills or Scottish lakes. The girls, too, are good walkers, and often accompany their brothers on the shorter trips of from five to ten miles.

Nowhere is the lack of walking more noticeable than in Andover. It is a little odd when we consider it, to see every afternoon thirty or forty fellows playing foot-ball or tennis, with ten times as many looking on. Is it because they do not know of all the beauties Nature is lavishing on these October days, or is it for the same reason that fellows will wait a quarter of an hour on "Chap.'s" door-steps for a car to carry them to Salem Street ?

Walking commends itself to us in innumerable ways. As a simple exercise there is nothing better. It puts a moderate tax on the muscles, keeps the lungs full of good air, and gives a healthy impulse to the circulation. And to the mind it is no less beneficial, bringing as it does, fresh scenes before the eye and pleasant thoughts into the heart.

The pleasure to be derived from walking is not confined to the summer months alone. Every month of the year is but a new facet in nature's kaleidoscope. In October one cannot go from his room to recitation without being impressed by the gorgeous combination of red and yellow which the trees present. In the bracing air of November and December, in some thicket or hollow, one can watch the fluttering snow-birds or catch the glorious reflection of the sunlight on the snow-covered hills and valleys. In the mid-winter the naked trees are sometimes clothed with ice, and in the woods one feels as though wandering through palaces of tinselled splendor. And in the spring what greater delight than to watch all Nature ready for the new birth of flowers, the awakening of streams, and the singing of the home-returning birds. What pleasure to find the first spring flower raising its modest head up through the lingering snow. Then comes the bridal month of the year, for

“What is so rare as a day in June,
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tones the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly bear warm ear lays.
Whether we look or whether we listen
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten.
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God wills it.”

And June gives place only to the summer months, of full bloom and sunshine, and as the summer wears away we are eagerly awaiting the return of what is simply a repetition of the past year.

The Month.

ELECTIONS.

FOR the Latin-Commons foot-ball team, Phillips was elected captain; J. T. Harrington, E. E. Scates and A. H. Richardson were elected managers.

For Salem Street, F. M. Smith, captain, and Elliott, Peters and Senn, managers, will serve.

September 28th Jesse Barker was chosen captain of the second eleven.

Butterfield House elected F. E. Drake captain, and P. Kearney, manager.

Lawrence, President, Manning, Vice-President, Butterfield, Secretary, and Wentz, Treasurer, will hold office for P. S. '97 during the fall term.

Cochran, '95, will captain the English Commons team. H. W. Brown, '96, and Sheak, '95, will manage the same.

It was thought advisable to operate the Reading Room in a different manner this year. Accordingly, the school voted to organize a committee, consisting of the Presidents of P. A. and P. S. '95, and the Registrar, who shall appoint a manager each year to take charge of the Reading Room business. The manager will be allowed \$25 for his services.

Morton Street has elected Stratton, P. S. '95, captain, and Stewart, P. S. '95, manager.

The Dramatic Club re-organized October 12th and elected the following officers: A. E. Branch, P. A. '95, President; G. K. Saville, P. S. '96, Vice-President; N. H. Pride, P. A. '95, Secretary and Treasurer. Six of last year's members are back, and the outlook for the coming year is exceedingly bright.

At a meeting held by School Street Burns was elected captain of the foot-ball team, and Welch, manager.

F. S. Porter, '95, has been appointed manager of the Reading Room
Andover 34, Exeter A. A. 0; Tufts 6, Andover 4; Harvard 46,
Andover 0; Andover 38, Bridgewater Normal 0; Brown 14, Andover 0.

The handicap tournament was held Tuesday afternoon, October 16th. The winners and events are as follows; 100-yards dash: Durston, first; Barker, second; time, 11 2-5 sec. 220-yards hurdle: Durston, first; Marshall, second; time, 31 2-5 sec. 440-yards run: Laing, first; Patton, second; time, 54 4-5 sec. Mile walk: Noble, first; Crouse, second; time, 9 min., 11 3-5 sec. Shot put: Glynn, first, 39 ft., 10 in.; Saville, second, 38 ft., 10 in.; Holt, third, 34 ft., 6 in. One mile bicycle race: Manning, first; Hinton, second; time, 2 min., 34 sec. Five mile bicycle race: Donahoe, first; Manning, second; time, 18 min., 30 sec.

At a school meeting October 15th, LeBoutillier, H. W. Morse, and W. Ridgway were elected as managers of the Track Athletic Association.

P. A. '98 elected the following officers: President, Goddard; Vice-President, Newcomb; Secretary, Day.

The following men are at the dining table at Mr. Marland's: Durand, Chadwell, Brasure, Higley, Holt, LeBoutillier, Lindenburg, Branch, Mann, Elliott, Miller, Gould, Porter and Harvey.

Camera Club.—Twenty fellows met Thursday noon to elect officers and to discuss the question of a dark room. Stout was elected President; Clark, Vice-President; Bissell, Secretary; Dulany, Treasurer. The dark room will be fitted up in the old reading room with running water, chemicals and lockers. A large membership is expected, and in the spring term an exhibition will be given.

The next number of the Mirror will be issued December 15th. Special efforts will be made to make this Christmas number attractive, and it is hoped an unusually large number of men will contribute. Contributions close November 25th.

Tennis Tournaments.

PRELIMINARY ROUND, SINGLES.

Bates vs. Bray, 6-0, 6-1.
Dodge vs. Wing, 6-1, 1-0.
Carleton vs. Spitzer, 6-1, 1-0.
Burns vs. Lewis, 3-6, 4-6.
A. J. Carleton vs. Kearney, 3-6, 0-6.
Platte vs. Clark, 5-7, 2-6.
S. Smith vs. Crawford, 1-5, 6-1.
Drinkwater vs. Höckstadter, 6-3, 6-2.
Davis vs. Bigelow, 0-6, 2-6.
Heywood vs. Hopkins, 6-2, 6-1.
Blakie vs. Day, 7-5, 8-6.
Palmer vs. Field, 1-6, 2-6.
White vs. Darling, 6-4, 6-1.
Crawford vs. Church, 6-1, 6-1.
Kearney vs. Clark, 6-4, 6-4.
Field vs. Blakie, 6-4, 7-5.
Heywood vs. Hinkle, 6-1, 6-4.
Bates vs. Biglow, 6-2, 4-6, 6-1.
Gross vs. P. G. Carleton, 6-4, 6-0.
Drinkwater vs. White, 5-7, 6-3, 5-7.
Dodge vs. Lewis, 6-3, 8-6.
Kearney vs. Crawford, 3-6, 6-3, 6-3.
Bates vs. Heywood, 4-6, 6-0, 6-4.
Grosz vs. Dodge, 4-6, 5-7.
Field vs. Kearney, 6-1, 6-4.
Dodge vs. Bates, 6-1, 6-0.

PERLIMINARY ROUND, DOUBLES.

Hall and Caldwell vs. Bigelow and Livingstone, 6-2, 6-4.

Heywood and C. F. Merrill vs. Edgel and Darling, 2-6, 9-7, 6-1.

Bates and Platt vs. P. G. Carleton and Hopkins, 2-6, 6-3, 4-6.

Hochstadter and Drinkwater vs. Dodge and Field, 0-6, 0-6.

Cann and Barrell, vs. Clarke and Crawford, 3-6, 13-11, 4-6.

FIRST ROUND.

Merrill and Heywood vs. P. G. Carleton and Hopkins, 5-7, 7-5, 6-3.

Carleton and Hall vs. Dodge and Field, 0-6, 2-6.

Kearney and Grosz vs. Woolsey and A. G. Carleton, 6-2, 6-2.

Lewis and Blakie vs. Clarke and Crawford, 6-3, 6-1.

Merrill and Heywood vs. Bissell and Henry, 6-3, 3-6, 9-7.

Kearney and Grosz vs. Lewis and Blakie, 3-6, 3-6.

Dodge and Field vs. Merrill and Heywood, 6-0, 6-2.

FINALS, DOUBLE.

Lewis and Blakie vs. Dodge and Field, 9-7, 3-6, 0-6, 0-6.

In the final contest of the singles in the tennis tournament Dodge won from Field, thus winning the championship of the school. Score, 6-1, 6-4, 7-5.

Andover Men in College.

Belknap, P.A. '94, is playing quarter back on the second eleven at Dartmouth. Patterson, ex-P.S. '95, has played half-back on the same team.

A. E. Foote, P.A. '92, Yale '96, is intercollegiate tennis champion in doubles with Malcolm Chase.

H. Bingham, P.A. '94, and W. Gordon Parker, ex-P.A. '97, are members of the chapel choir at Yale.

E. G. Burgess, ex-P.S. '95, has been nominated Vice-President of his class at Harvard.

A. E. Foote, P.A. '92, and J. B. Neale, P.A. '92, are members of the Junior Promenade Committee at Yale.

W. G. Parker, ex-P.A. '97, of Columbia, won the inter-scholastic tennis championship at Newport.

Murray, ex-P.S. '94, and Merwin, ex-P.S. '95, have entered Yale.

Rogers P.A., '94, Yale '98, has decided not to play foot-ball this fall, as he will be a candidate for the Freshman Crew.

V. M. Tyler, Rodgers, H. B. Wilcox, and Mercer, all Yale '98, P.A. '94, are candidates for the Freshman Crew.

In the annual fall games of the

New York Athletic Club recently held at Travers Island, F. P. Sheldon, P.A. '92, won first place in the running broad jump, distance 22 feet 5 inches.

B. Cocker, P.S. '94, has entered the University of Michigan.

E. A. Skinner, P.A. '91, is President of the Yale Chess Club, to which Bingham and Pettie of P.A. '94 were recently admitted.

M. E. Stone, P.A. '93, S. S. Hinds, P.S. '94, and J. S. Elliot, ex-P.A. '95, are prominent candidates for the Harvard Banjo Club.

H. B. Wilcox, P.A. '94, is rowing at No. 3 in the Yale Freshman crew. Simmons is at No. 6 in the '97 Sheff. crew.

S. L. Fuller, P.A. '94, is a candidate for the Freshman eleven at Harvard.

Among the number who received scholarships this fall at Harvard for high standing are H. G. Wyer and W. B. Parker of P.A. '93.

W. J. Lapham, P.A. '93 and Schreiber, P.A. '94, have made the Yale Glee Club.

Gardner, P.A. '94, has been elected Pres. of the Harvard Freshman Debating Society.

Clippings.

FOOTBALL.

A man and a Vassar maiden,
With wind and wave atune,
Talked low of love and football
'Neath a mellow Newport moon.

The Vassar maid had hinted
That Vassar girls might play
At Rugby, 'gainst his college,
And beat them, too, some day.
"If you should play," he whispered,
"Your college against mine,
I'd like to play left tackle
On the opposing line."

Then drooped her head the maiden,
With blushes red as flame,
And said, "Since this must be so,
Let's have a practice game."

The Inlander.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

Wrinkle, wrinkle, little star,
None can guess what age you are,
As you nightly smile and smirk
At your histrionic work.—*E.v.*

THE SEARCH LIGHT.

I stood with her on deck and watched
The search-light overhead
"We ought to hug the shore, and turn
The light inland," I said.

She archly smiled—the winsome maid—
And turned aside her head;
"I think it's wrong to light it up
While being hugged," she said.

Trinity Tablet.

A CONFESSION.

Two gentle arms entwine my neck,
A golden head lies on my breast,
Two deep blue eyes gaze into mine,
Two lips to mine are pressed.

The kiss is wrought in innocence,
No blush attends the mood.
She speaks in accents sweet and low,
"O brother, you're so good."

The Syracusean.

THE CRUCIAL MOMENT.

Within the hammock's net she swung
So graceful and so fair!
Her arms above her head were flung,
Lovely beyond compare.

He sat beside her for a while,
Enchanted by her grace,
Till finally a blush and smile
He saw upon her face.

And then he heard her softly say,
First looking all about,
"Now please, Tom, turn your head away,
I'm going to get out!"

Somerville Journal.

A CHEMICAL TRAGEDY.

Our Willie passed away to day,
His face we'll see no more,
What Willie thought was H₂O
Proved H₂ SO₄.

Bowdoin Orient.

Mirage.

In a distant land, many centuries ago, there stood a huge oak. It was older and taller than any of its brothers, and standing as it did on the edge of the forest, it could see all that was going on around it. 'Twas a dismal prospect at best that it looked upon. On one side stretched the gloomy forest, while on the other side lay a wild, bleak moorland. Not a sign of life was there except for a grim castle which stood on a knoll, the peasant's huts around it, and the hundreds of lean and hungry crows that flocked every night to the shelter of the giant oak. Often it saw bands of gallant knights ride forth from the castle, who sometimes came home victorious, and sometimes only a few jaded horsemen returned. At other times the castle itself was stormed, and the fierce cries of the combatants and the clash of arms resounded. The old oak saw, too, the half starved peasants, ground down by rents and taxes, working round their squalid hovels or gathering wood in the forest. But it was always a scene of misery and strife that it gazed upon.

Let us pass over a few hundred years, and look again at the same spot. Another mighty oak, sprung, perhaps, from an acorn of the first, stands there, but how vastly different the scene it looks down upon! Wide-spreading fields surround it, dotted with villages and wav-

ing with grain, while at no great distance passes that bond of civilization, the railroad. The crows that flock among its branches are no longer lean and hungry, and as the moon rises over the peaceful scene, it sees the light of a large and prosperous city twinkling in the distance.

Truly we may behold the fruit of the centuries. *IV. E.*

THE TRAGEDY.

In Mexico there was a cot
Built on the moor so wild,
In which, if memory serves me right,
There dwelt a man and child.

One dark and gloomy evening,
When the father was away,
Two men crept softly in the house,
Mid the shadows cold and gray.

One held a large knife in his hand,
And he looked at the child so fair;
Some say she screamed in terror,
Others, she said a prayer.

But whether she did or no,
We need not here surmise;
But let us look at the ghastly scene
Which comes before our eyes.

When the worse of the two advanced,
His heart began to flutter;
Yet he took that knife, and cut the child
A piece of bread and butter.

R. J. G.

"I was bumming around London that summer," said my friend, "trying to get along on as little money as possible. As I was alone, and didn't much care how I fared as long as I saw what I wanted to, I thought myself in great luck when I chanced to run across an old acquaintance of mine one day. Buckley was an eccentric fellow — had been ever since I met him, but he was uniformly pleasant and intensely amusing at times. In the course of our conversation he happened to ask me where I was rooming. When I told him everywhere in general and nowhere in particular, he promptly invited me to come and stay with him. "It's rather an out-of-the way place," he went on, "but there's lots of room and no noise." As I was hampered in my movements only by my baggage, and very little there was of that, and wanted nothing more than to study the lower classes of London, I unhesitatingly accepted my friend's generous offer, and half an hour later we were tramping along the sidewalk, side by side, each carrying one of my valises.

"As we kept on, busily engaged in conversation, I did not notice how far we were going until the shades of evening began to fall, and I looked around to realize that we had come to one of the lowest districts at the West End. The streets were narrow and filthy, and on both sides rose high rickety, rat-riddled tenement houses. At one of the little squares an Italian organ grinder

was dragging out a once popular waltz tune, while a score of ragged little urchins were dancing about with decided grace over the rough cobble-stones. A little further on the streets became less thickly populated, and here it was that my friend stopped abruptly and applied a latch-key to the rickety door of a huge tenement house.

"How is this," I remarked, "not many lodgers?"

"Very few," he answered, fumbling with the lock, and I realized the truth of his statement when, as we toiled up eight flights of crooked stairs, on every story the empty rooms were gaping at us through their rubbish-choked doors. We were, in fact, the only tenants of the place — save the omnipresent rats — and our room was in the very tip-top of the house.

"Ever lonely?" I ventured when the last stairway had been gained, and we sank panting into two easy chairs.

"Well, a trifle," he answered, lighting the lamp. "That's why I got you. Sorry, old man, but I've got to be out this evening till rather late, but I guess you can get along straightening out your things — and there's my book-case; you may find something interesting in that."

"Rather a novel reception for the first night," I mused, "but Buckley was always Buckley," and I took down a Pendennis from the book-shelf, drew up to the lamp, and was soon deep in the love wiles of that charming young hero and the sprightly Fotheringay.

'The time slipped away rapidly and it was past ten o'clock when I first glanced up at the clock and wondered why my friend didn't return. What a dreary old hole this was, anyway! and I took a look around the room. All alone in the eighth story of a tenement house! What should I do in case of a fire below? There was no means of access to the street save the long, winding stair-way. And worse yet the thought struck me, in case some burglar came! I shuddered instinctively. The improbability of such a thing did not occur to me, and I turned the lamp up until it smoked, both to dispel the dark shadows which seemed to be lurking in the corners and to see what I could find as defence in case of such an attack. On the bureau lay a heavy revolver. I walked over, picked it up, and was pleased to find it loaded, I brought it over to my seat, layed it in my lap, and tried to resume my reading. Somehow all its interest seemed to be gone. I managed, however, to turn the pages till the little clock on the mantel droned out eleven o'clock, but then I tossed it aside in disgust. Where was Buckley? Perhaps he was murdered. Nothing surprising in this part of London. Yes, probably murdered and never heard of again. He was crossing the square below. Two short, thick-set men had glided out from the shadow, and then—oh, I could see it all, and throughout the long minutes of the next

hour my mind mused on the details of the crime and gloated in them, while my heart-beats seemed to shake the whole room. Suddenly an awful thought came to me. Having murdered Buckley, the ruffians would seek his roommate. My heart sank. I could almost hear their footsteps in the hall below. *Good God!* what was that? and I strained my ears in wild intensity. Tap, tap, tap! someone was slowly ascending the stairs. I prayed that I might be mistaken, but no, after a moment's pause, the regular beats continued. Two flights, three flights, four, five, six. In two more the assassin would be upon me. I crowded out the sickening fear tugging at my heart-strings. I picked up the revolver, cocked it, and turned the muzzle towards the door. One more flight—twelve more steps—and he would be at the door. Thump, clang! struck the little clock on the mantelshelf. At the twelfth stroke I must die. But why? And I tried to steady my trembling fingers on the revolver, realizing that that was my only hope. One more step. With a sudden coolness, I rose, aimed at the left panel and drew the trigger. Instantly came the click of a miss-fire. The revolver dropped from my hands. A wild whirl of thoughts seethed through my brain. The door opened—and the jolly face of Buckley cried: "Gad, it's a shame to keep you up so long."

J. A. H.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

As we wish to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips will be gladly received.

'25.—Oliver Wendell Holmes died in Boston October 7th.

'62.—Hon. C. F. Brown has been nominated by the democrats of New York for judge of the court of appeals. He is at present Judge of the Supreme Court.

'67.—Dr. Freeman Snow, instructor in International Law and American Diplomacy at Harvard, died Sept. 12, 1894, at Nelson, Pa. He served in the civil war, and was wounded at Malron Hill. He was instructor in the Naval Academy at Anapolis and the Boston Latin School.

'69.—Rev. Kingsley F. Norris is assistant pastor of the Fourth Church, Hartford, Ct.

'71.—Rev. Lawrence Phelps has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Congregational Church in Chelsea, Mass.

'82.—Dr. William G. Schauffler, P.A. '82, Amherst '86, College of Physicians and Surgeons '89, was married Sept. 5, 1894, in Geneva, Switzerland, to Miss Lilian M. Boswell. He is at present

professor in the medical department of the American college, Beirût, Syria.

'86.—A. W. Crocket is professor of Latin and English in Oahn College, Honolulu, H. I.

'87.—Wm. S. Wadsworth has returned from Europe, and is in the physiological laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania.

'88.—Frank L. Luce has been called to be pastor's assistant at the Boylston Church, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

'89.—J. L. Malone, Harvard '93, is coaching the Colby eleven at Waterville, Me. He played on his class team in college, at one time was captain of the second 'Varsity eleven, and has coached for the last two seasons for the Cambridge Latin and Worcester Academy teams.

'90.—George F. Burt, who last year took three Latin prizes at Amherst, aggregating \$100, is teaching in the Amherst High School.

'90.—H. S. Cheney is in business with his father in Southbridge.

'90.—Walter C. Howe is studying at the Harvard Medical School.

'90.—Alfred E. Stearns is teaching in the High School, Pottstown, Pa.

Books.

TRILBY. By George Du Maurier.

Everybody is now reading Trilby, not because it is the fashion to do so, but because it is a most refreshing change from any novel that has been written during recent years. Trilby, is, more than anything else, unique. Its unordinary plot is clothed with a piquant charm, characteristic of Mr. Du Maurier's Englishy style. Yet Trilby is perfectly natural. It is quite earthly. It is written by a man of the world, so it is not a strong book from an ethical point. It is rather an aesthetic production, though there is plenty of good, sound sense intermixed. When you read it you live with its characters as though you were one of their number so closely has Du Maurier adhered to the naturalness of real life. Indeed, it is doubtful if this attraction could exist did not the plot of Trilby come from actual incidents.

The curtain rises on the famous Latin quarter, Paris. Here, where studios are so numerous and Bohemian life is the rule, we are given a peep into the quarters occupied by three jolly artists—the trio with whom we are most in touch throughout the novel. Taffy Wynne is a big, athletic Englishman, fond of his foils and of his Indian clubs, as he is of his brushes and oils; the “Laird of Cockpen” (properly McAllister), a happy Scotchman, full of humor and *bonhomme*; and “Little Billee” (William Sabot), a delicate, virtuous and really lovable English lad. All three are promising artists. The chums are gayly painting away when Tribley ushers herself into the studio, and into the plot. Du Maurier has chosen a woman for heroine, who, to use her own words “is not respectable.” While Tribly’s character is not a deep one, there is much that is good in it. She is on the one hand Trilby, the vivacious, thoughtless, happy-go-lucky model, as she comes in after her sitting to chaff with her hosts while she eats her sandwich and rolls her cigarette; on the other hand she is Trilby the grateful and sympathetic, doing little acts of thoughtful kindness to the three artists whom she adores with almost a child’s affection. Yet, with all her lightness, Trilby is never vulgar. She is not even coarse, habitually. Many admirers has she, but Trilby is too sensible to flirt. The first holy love that is awakened in her bosom meets a corresponding love in the heart of “Little Billee.” She knows that she isn’t “fit to marry him” and she repeatedly refuses him, but at last she consents in order to save him from killing himself, as he has threatened to do if she would not consent to be his wife. At this stage Billee’s dignified mother comes over from England filled with righteous wrath at her wayward son, especially when she hears of Trilby’s character more definitely. She is terribly shocked at learning that her son is engaged to a “figure” model. Trilby confesses her unworthiness to marry him and promises Mrs. Sabot that “Little Billee” shall never see her again. She disappears, much to Mrs. Sabot’s relief. What does she care for poor Trilby’s broken heart! “Little Billee” is miserable. The happy days at the Place St. Anatole des Arts come to an end.

The next scene is in London. "Little Billee, Taffy and the "Laird" are still bound by the same strong ties of friendship. They visit Paris to hear la Svengali, the wife of a musician who used to come to their studio, and who later became celebrated. La Svengali is the greatest singer of Paris—greater than Grisi, Alboni, or Patti. When she appears, they are dumbfounded. It is Trilby—Trilby who used to be tone deaf, but who had a remarkable voice! After a remarkable triumph she and her husband go to London. The Drury Lane Theatre is packed. The audience expects wonders. His doctor does not allow Svengali to lead as usual, so he occupies a box facing his wife. Intense hate shows from his wonderful eyes as he sees the three Englishmen in the audience, for Svengali knows of "Little Billee's" love and he dislikes the "Laird" and Taffy. La Svengali is to begin with the song, "Ben Bolt." The orchestra plays, but, *Mon Dieu*, not a word can she sing! There is another moment's pause. A policeman enters Svengali's box. The curtains are drawn. Svengali has died there of heart disease.

Trilby's voice is gone. All these years she has been hypnotised by this terrible German who held her completely in his power and made her sing like a nightingale. She is taken home by Taffy and "Little Billee." Mrs. Salot cries over her. They offer her every kindness. Her musical career is a blank in her memory. Her physical forces weaken day by day. An unknown person sends her a life-like portrait of her husband. She looks at it strangely and then breaks forth in sweet, clear song. The exquisite notes die away and Trilby falls forever asleep. "Little Billee" follows her soon. The Laird marries a bonnie, Scotch lassie, and Taffy takes unto himself "Little Billee's" sister.

Du Maurier does not strive to palliate Trilby's character. He rather makes that character exterminate itself. Judged by a cheap and common standard of morality. Trilby might be called an immoral book; but judged in the light of forgiveness, mercy or Christian charity, it is not. It depends altogether upon the character of the person who reads it. It is rich in pathos. It is a life tale, and we all know that:

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No. 6.



The Phillips Andover Mirror.

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Phillips Academy.

MAY, 1895.

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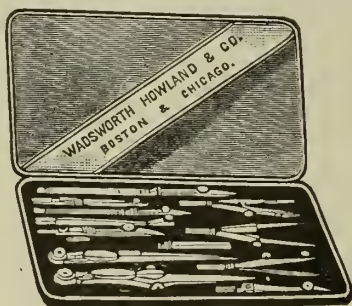
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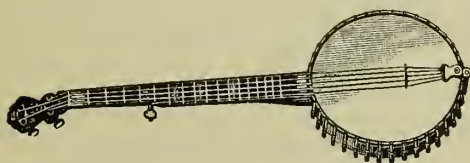
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The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, or 25 cents per single number, payable in advance.

It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view the editors will strive not only to secure the best work from the best pens, but also to encourage, and so far as possible to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the Alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

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Vol. 4.

May, 1895.

No. 6.

Looking Forward!

B. C. 30.



GREETING Mamilius! How are ye old boy? Look run down. What's the matter? Better take Flaccus's tonic. It will brace you right up. Augustus uses it, you know. Have you been going out late?" "Oh not so very. I went over to Sempronius's last night, and he had some fine vintage, and mayhap

I took a little too much. At any rate when I got up this morning I found my toga on the gas — I mean the lamp, — and a hole burned through it.

I've got a regular Bacchic headache too. As we're talking, have you read any of Virgilius's new serial in the Romanopolitan?"

"Oh yas. Have to, ye know, because every one asks you 'Are ye reading the Aenaeid?' and ye want to say certes. Have you been reading it too?"

"Yes. I went to sleep over it the other night, and had the queerest dream. I thought I was in a great city. It had tall buildings, and wide, beautiful streets, and strange-looking *carri* on iron tracks glided down the middle of the street and filled the air with the noise of discordant bells.

"I was in strange garments. My legs were encased in long sacks, open at the bottom. My arms were in similar but smaller sacks, and the clothes were fastened around the body by strange round discs of bone.

"The people around me spoke a strange language, yet could I understand it. I walked down the street feeling awkward and out of place. A dirty pleb yelled, 'See the rustic,' and I turned angrily upon him, but he fled. As I walked along, my notice was attracted by a magnificent building, and wondering, I asked a passer what it might be. He called it 'theayter.' I stood in doubt whether to go in and see what a 'theayter' was, and at length was decided by a gruff soldier with a neat wooden club, who uttered a sound something like 'Moovan!' I bowed and entered, and as I passed through the magnificent entrance I noticed paintings of beautiful women and large signs with 'Trilby' and 'Living Pictures.' I entered a house resembling much our circuses, only it was roofed, and everywhere was beautiful shining cloth. Sinking into my seat, marvellously soft and comfortable, I saw a virgin sitting beside me surpassing fair, and wishing to be pleasant I greeted her, and asked what 'Trilby' meant. She looked at me in evident surprise, and said, 'Oh haven't you read Trilby?' And thereupon, I know not why, I felt a great weariness steal upon me, and getting up, I went out.

"I waited outside undecided as to which direction I should take, when a man dressed most gorgeously grasped my hand, and asked me how I was, and seemed pleased to see me. In many ways he expressed his pleasure, asked how 'Antmrire' was and Soosy, and many other unintelligible people. He spoke of 'Venzweeler' and 'gold mine,' and displayed an

enormous gold chain, with a strange gold bulb on the end. He described 'Vensweeler' as a country ideal! magnificent! He asked me if I wished to be rich, and spoke of 'shares' and gold bricks. Soon I noticed a crowd gathering, and not wishing to seem conspicuous, I pleaded an engagement at the Forum, at which he seemed astonished, and muttered something like 'hurry.'

"I walked on and on, and soon I was filled with a great fear at a loud roaring which came at short intervals. I noticed in front of me two iron rails, similar to those on which the *carri* ran, but polished to a much greater brilliancy. As I came nearer, the roaring became frightful, and soon a monstrous black horse with no legs, and with smoke spouting from its mouth—a very fiend of Vulcan—rushed past with a shriek that froze the marrow in my bones, and I—I fled—fled—fled, until I rushed into the arms of one of the soldiers with clubs. He began to beat me over the head, and as I resisted, two more came running up, and then I surrendered. They dragged me to a dirty house in a dirtier street, and in it they took me, and thrust me into a black cell with an iron gate. In the



morning after a long night of terror and despair, I was brought before a hard-looking judex, with a red head of hair, and after some conversation with my captor, he yelled, 'Tin days or tin dollars,' and as if by instinct my hand went to a pouch in my clothes, and drawing out a green piece of paper, I gave it to him, and went out sadder but not wiser.

"Suddenly despairing of ever understanding, I was seized by a desire to end my life,—to die,—and seeing a great river ahead, I rushed toward it, and was about to leap, when I awoke, trembling and cold,—and—that is all,—ugh!"

Harold Claypole Eustis.

The Ballad of the Black Douglas.

The ballad is based chiefly upon a Scottish legend, although according to the accepted tradition the combat between Amyer de Valence and the "Black" Douglas took place in the church of St. Bride, as described by Walter Scott in "Castle Dangerous." At the time of the scene the "Black" Douglas was supposed to be in exile with the other Scottish patriots, and Amyer de Valence was in command of the castle and temporary Lord of Douglasdale in behalf of King Edward.

DE VALENCE rose, and thus he read,
"Let every Scottish traitor's head
 Upon the gallows swing.
Let those who bear allegiance true
Join them to my loyal few,
 And their retainers bring."

The glasses clashed, and round the hall
The echoes of that midnight brawl
 Sounded a deafening ring,
And English lord and Scottish peer
Drained dry their glass, with cheer on cheer
 In praise of England's king.

A palmer muffled in his cloak
Entered, and not a word he spoke,
 But sat him at the board;
For this the custom of St. Bride,
That Douglas towers should e'er provide
 Refuge for serf or lord.

The jest went round. To royal Bruce
'Twas nought but curses and abuse,
 And Douglas shared the same.
And England well those names might fear,
And Scotsmen e'er shall hold those dear
 Who nourish Scotland's fame.

DeValence rose, and then he told
How he had often heard of old
 That pilgrims from the East
Narrated tales of long ago,
Of brave deeds wrought against the foe,
 To grace the banquet feast.

The eyes of all the guests were turned
Upon the pilgrim, but he spurned
 Proud Amyer's mocking sneer.
The palmer rose, and lifting high
His goblet, thus he made reply
 Aloud, that all might hear.

“True pilgrims from far o'er the sea
Are bound by oaths and sworn decree
 No minstrelsy to sing,
But if in honor of our host
You'll pledge me in a loyal toast,
 We'll drink to Scotland's king.

“Nay drink it down, you traitors here
Is it your kinsmen's blood you fear,
 Or is it England's yoke?
If you'd refused the tyrant's gold
Brave Wallace ne'er would have been sold
 Or Falkirk's lines been broke.

“You killed my father in these halls
And noble Sinclair on the walls
 Died for his country's right;
And I have come to claim my own
And place my sovereign on the throne
 Or die in noble fight.

“ I will not leave this hall before
Proud England's knight lies on the floor,
 And Douglas has his own.
Let Scotsmen draw for freedom's right,
And plant the banner here to-night
 Which first was wove at Scone.”

He threw aside his palmer's dress
And showed the arms and gilded crest
 Of Douglas bold and true.
Huntley and Home came to his side,
The gallant Gordon swore to bide
 By Scotland's noble few.

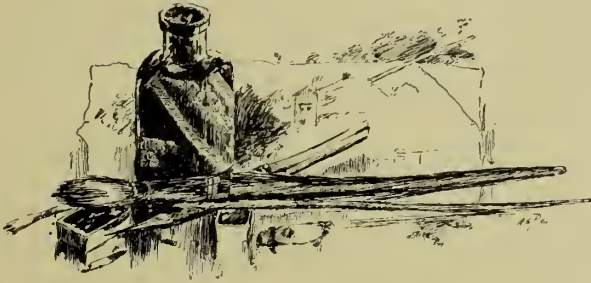
“ Draw for Douglas ! ” was the cry ;
“ Draw for Douglas now and die,
 But down with Scotland's foes ! ”
Sword-blades gleamed bright in torches' glare,
Clang upon clang now filled the air,
 And battle's tumult rose.

Ill fared it then the minstrel's say
When Douglas met in single fray
 De Valence, England's knight.
Both well in stroke and guard were skilled,
And both in feint and pass were drilled
 For battle or for fight.

But Douglas was a warrior true
And those on whom his blade he drew
 Had always lost their life.
And then De Valence strove in vain
To guard the strokes that fell like rain,
 And died in single fight.

And now the banquet hall was clear
Of English lord and Norman peer,
And Douglas castle left.
Full oft have Scottish grandsires told
How Douglas in the days of old
Avenged his father's death.

Kenneth Bruce.



Only a Tramp.



“WILL you please gimme suthin’ ter eat?” It was the customary formula, heard so many times at the back doors of homes of comfort, sometimes from the lips of strong, rugged men, sometimes from frail-looking lads started early on a shiftless career, but this particular specimen of tramphood seemed a little worse looking and more pitiable than any who had called at Dr. Wurzel’s home. Not a square inch of whole cloth on him, all rags and tatters from his hat to his shoes. The latter had evidently tramped many a long, weary mile, the dust having covered both holes and shoes with so thick a coating that his feet were not so noticeable where they stuck out through the

gaps. His trousers were artistically fringed, they did not bag at the knees for the reason that they bagged all over. His coat was a faded coat of many pieces; one button half-way down, hanging by a string, still did service. Where the coat fell open at his neck it revealed the edges of a once “biled” shirt, and a bronzed, scrawny neck. A beard several inches long, grayish white, gave him the appearance of being between fifty and sixty years of age. A dusty brown slouch hat overhung his heavy eyebrows, from under which his watery blue eyes looked with a half-shy, half-hunted expression.

The trim little maid who went to the door hesitated a moment, and then turned to the Doctor who had just come in. “Shall I give him anything, sir?” she asked.

“Yes, get him a bite of something,” said the genial Doctor, noticing the thin, lank frame at the door.

At the sound of a masculine voice the man looked up with an eager gleam in his eyes. "Haint yer got any work you want done? I'm willin' ter work for my vittles — I'd ruther."

"Well, yes, there's some wood to be sawed and split, and I guess you might as well do it as anybody. But eat something first, for it's a hot day, and you look as if you'd walked a long ways."

"You're right, I have," answered the man as he walked gingerly across the kitchen to the table where Mary was putting a cold lunch. He slid awkwardly into a chair and began to eat in a manner that showed he told the truth when he said he was hungry. His hunger satisfied, he was set at work on a cord of hard wood.

In the afternoon the Doctor went out and talked with him a while, and learned that he had worked his way on a steamer from Portland to Newburyport, and after trying in vain to get work at the latter place, had tramped to G—— that morning. "And, Doctor," he said, "half-way up here I had the queerest feeling — I dunno whether it was my heart or my stummick. I laid down by the roadside, and after a while I felt better. I just had another twinge of it that reminded me."

"Let me make an examination and see what's troubling you," said the Doctor. After a few moments the Doctor told him that he had a serious heart trouble, and if he wasn't careful he would find some day his heart had stopped "never to go again."

"It'd be no great loss to the world," said the tramp, and a bitter look passed across his face.

"Don't say that, my friend, no one knows what influence he may have, and nobody can drop out of the ranks and have it entirely unnoticed," and with this Doctor Wurzel went into the house and had a long talk with his wife, the outcome of which was that at supper time, as the tramp was slowly putting on his coat, preparatory to moving on, the Doctor called him and told him there was enough work around the premises to keep him busy a week, and if he wanted it he could have it.

A look of gratitude, painful to see, passed over his face as he grasped the Doctor's hand. "I'll do it, sir, and you'll never have reason to complain of the work I'll do for you."

When the question of a sleeping place came up, the Doctor proposed giving him a back chamber, but both Mrs. Wurzel and Mary objected seriously. "Sure I'd niver have a minit's pace with a strange man in the house. He'd be after murdthering us all in our beds some foine night," and Mary shook her curly head decisively. As it was summer a bed was arranged for him on the hay in the barn chamber, and a solemn injunction laid on him never to smoke after going into the barn. He seemed very happy in his new home and worked like a beaver. The Doctor had but to express the slightest wish, and John — as he wished to be called — saw it was fulfilled.

One night his old heart trouble came on, and the Doctor worked over him almost all night, while his wife and Mary made all kinds of hot drinks, and did all in their power to relieve him. But no amount of kindness on the part of the women could win any acknowledgment from him. He regarded all womankind as equally evil, and eyed them suspiciously, avoiding any encounter with them as if they had the plague.

When everything in the line of work was finished around the Doctor's place, — wood sawed and split, and garden hoed, — he obtained several like jobs around at the neighbors, coming back to the Doctor's every night. At the end of two weeks Doctor Wurzel fitted him out with a new suit, paid him a reasonable sum for his services, and sent him along. It seemed strange not to see John around the place the next day, and the Doctor grumbled a little at having to get up and clean the horses himself, declaring John had made him lazy.

Two days passed, and on the evening of the second day Mrs. Wurzel and Mary were sitting out in the dining-room alone, Doctor having been called in to see a sick neighbor. They were wondering where John was by that time, when the kitchen door burst open and in walked — John, or rather, a poor imitation of him. The new suit was torn and splashed with mud, the hat crushed in more places than required by the prevailing style, shoes untied, and a general air of dilapidation prevailed. With a lordly swagger he started toward the dining-room where the two frightened women sat, but not calculating nicely enough, brought up rather forcibly against the edge of the half-open door. This caused a string of expletives

not required in polite society, and Mary started for the front part of the house, but John had made another start and was through the door this time. With a commanding gesture that swept the shelf covering down, he spoke as decidedly as he could: "Now, ladizh, yer mus' git out er here (hic). I don' wanzer hurts yer, but I've led yer shtay here ash long ash I'm goin' ter (hic), an' now 'I've come home to stay.'" He ended the song with an attempted twirl, which resulted in a lurch onto the sofa, where he sat smiling idiotically.

"John," said Mrs. Wurzel, "you've been drinking, and you must go right out of the house. The Doctor will be here in a minute."

"D' I say I hadn't? Cours' am drunk, 't least, guess I'm li'l' off myself, dosh know, but jus' sam' you've gotter git out. Doker's all right. Doker's a good man, an' this is m' house, an' I wan' yer t' git out. Whoop 'er up! .Git out, now!"

He gave a lurch forward on to his feet, but in real life, as well as fiction some hero steps in to the rescue when most needed, and in this case the Doctor, who came in just in time to hear the last of John's speech. "What's all this? John! You drunk? Come now, you start out of this. Can't have anyone drunk round here," and he took John by the arm to lead him out.

John submitted peacably enough until they were nearly to the door, and then the old idea that he owned the house came over him, and he turned on the Doctor. "D—m yer!" he cried, aiming an ineffectual blow at Doctor, "whazzer turnin' me outer m'own house for? I'll show yer how t' treat a 'spec'able cizzen!" With that he did his best to pound the Doctor, cursing and swearing until the air was blue, and for a few minutes the Doctor had all he could do to defend himself, but the poor, crazy, drunken wretch was no match for a strong, sober man, and he was finally hustled out of the house.

Of course the women were frightened and begged the Doctor to sit up all night to see that the tramp did not set the house on fire, but Doctor Wurzel didn't intend to lose his sleep for all the tramps in Christendom. There were two persons, at least, in the house who didn't sleep a great deal, and hailed the dawn with a thankful sense that they were all alive and nothing had happened.

When Doctor Wurzel went out into the barn, he found John just finishing the work, sober, but rather shaky. He came forward in a shame-faced way when he saw the Doctor. "Well, John, what are you doing round here? I should think you'd be ashamed to show your face after last night."

"I am that, Doctor, but I wanted to come back and tell yer I was sorry, and how I never would a' struck yer in my right mind, but drink has been my curse ever since I was thirty year old, an' I don't expect I'll ever get rid of it."

"Very well, I'm sorry for you, too. But you must come in now and apologize to my wife and Mary too for scaring them so."

"No, sir, I don't 'pologize to no women folks. I'm willin' to tell you I'm sorry, for you've been good to me, but as for women—I hate 'em, they've been the curse o' me, an' they've got suthin' to answer for. No," seeing the Doctor's looks of astonishment, "I don't mean nothin' agin these pertikler women, they've been decent enuff, an' so long 's they leave me alone I won't trouble 'em, but I warn't myself last night, an' I won't 'pologize nor nothin'."

Doctor Wurzel could say nothing to change his opinion of woman-kind, and after reiterating his apology and thanking the Doctor again for his kindness, John shambled off, and was never seen again by that household. Doctor Wurzel rather wanted to ask him to stay a little longer and give him another trial, but the thought of what the rest of the family would say restrained him, and he watched poor John out of the yard with a deep feeling of pity in his warm heart for the outcast.

They never knew John's story, but they often wondered what woman had played him false, broken his heart, and sent him to drink and ruin, and if she would not repent her work could she see the wreck she had made. Alas, that there are such women and men in the world. And God be thanked that there are good women—you and I each know them—who would be sorry for both the woman and the tramp.

George Elmer Pingree.

A Story of India.

ONE warm summer evening in 1862 a party of the guests at a large seaside hotel at Nice were taking a stroll along the sandy beach, enjoying the beauties of a glorious sunset. Among them, walking side by side, were two men, one an Englishman, whom we will call Col. St. Clair, a man probably forty years old. His hair, once black, was now streaked with gray, and the firm, set features of his sunburned face showed plainly that he had been exposed for many years to the sun and winds of some tropical land. His companion was a much younger man, Mr. La Rue, a Frenchman no doubt, judging from his name and appearance. He was very fashionably dressed, and showed all the courteous characteristics of his nation. It happened that these two men had met quite by accident, and, as each seemed to be of a genial disposition, they had in a very short time become good friends.

These two, unmindful of the surrounding crowd, drifted away together and strolled along the sandy beach enjoying the fresh sea breeze. Peals of laughter reached them from a couple who were sitting on a rustic seat in front of them. On hearing the woman's voice the colonel and Mr. La Rue both seemed to become very much excited, but both were too much taken up with their own thoughts to think what the other was doing. The colonel, recovering himself and realizing how peculiar his conduct would seem to a stranger, said, "You will no doubt think that I am either weak or foolish to be so moved by this woman's laughter, but I will tell you of an episode in my life — a life in which the sorrows and disappointments have outweighed the pleasures. We have become good friends and I am in need of a confidant." The two went together and seated themselves on a ledge of rock projecting out into the sea. Mr. La Rue seeming very attentive, the colonel hesitatingly continued.

"In the year 1855 I found myself holding an important office in Her Majesty's army as military governor of the native state of Oudh in the central part of Hindostan. I had gained my office by steady work and strict attention to duty. From early boyhood I had been very ambitious

for military honors, and through the influence of an uncle who was a member of Parliament, I succeeded in getting an appointment to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. I graduated there with honors and received my commission as a lieutenant and was stationed at the garrison in Bombay. My promotion was slow but steady, until seven years ago I found myself in my governorship, and I thought that at last I had reached the height of my ambitions.

"Soon after my graduation I had married, but my wife died four years later, leaving me alone in the world save for a daughter who was the mainstay of my life. At the time I became governor of Oudh this daughter was a tall, beautiful girl of nineteen, who was the belle of the society in our little colony.

"Everything went very peacefully in the state during the first year of my governorship, and it appeared as though the natives had become resigned to the English yoke. However, in the beginning of '57, that ever memorable year in the history of Hindostan, the rajahs of all the inner provinces rose as one man and attempted to annihilate the English. Oudh was one of the first provinces to rebel; in fact, its native ruler was the instigator of the movement. The priests preached the rebellion with all the fervor that they possessed, and imposed upon the minds of the simple natives with all the powerful doctrines of Brahminism.

"In the meantime the garrison and the few English residents of our little city sought safety within the fort where we were all thrown together as one large family. There was among us a young Frenchman, the supposed representative of a large Paris firm. He was very handsome and polite, and a favorite with everyone in the colony. In the course of a few weeks he and my daughter became very fast friends and were together all of the time. I was very well pleased, thinking that he was in every respect a proper person as a companion for her. One day my daughter came to me weeping, and told me that she had found that the young Frenchman was not a merchant, but a criminal who had escaped from the prisons of Cayenne, and had sought refuge in India. Meanwhile, he had proposed to her, but now that his real character was known, of course neither she, nor anyone else, would have anything to do with him.

“The rebellion continued to grow, and the troops of the rajah became more daring. If relief did not come soon we could not hope to hold out much longer, and escape was impossible as we were hemmed in on all sides. The Frenchman, finding that my daughter would not marry him and that everyone knew what he had been, grew desperate. One day my daughter disappeared and we could find no trace of her. Every possible place in the barracks was searched without success. The Frenchman had left the barracks some days before, and we all felt that his absence was in some way connected with the absence of my daughter. On the second day after my daughter was missed, a native came to us and told us of how the inhuman Frenchman had made a bargain with the rajah to betray the daughter of the commandant into his hands, and since he had been thrown over by her he was only too glad to take his revenge in this fiendish way.

“The siege continued, and our soldiers had numerous skirmishes each day in which several of the natives were always killed. The suttees or widows of these men were always sacrificed according to the beliefs of the Brahmins, and these terrible crimes were always perpetrated in plain sight of our fort. One morning at sunrise our attention was drawn to the procession of priests and natives who were going to the sacrifice. Among the priests walked several of the native women, the widows of the dead warriors, and among them, pale and haggard, they carried my daughter. A rescue party was quickly formed, but as the natives expected such a move they were prepared and our brave men were repulsed, leaving half of their number dead or wounded at the mercy of the infuriated mob of savages. We never heard any more of her; we knew but too well what her fate had been.”

As the old colonel finished this part of the story he broke down completely, and the younger man also seemed strangely excited. After he had given his grief full sway for a while, he continued:

“We were able to hold our own for a few days more, and one morning our hearts were gladdened at hearing the welcome sound of a far away bugle announcing the approach of assistance. A regiment had marched to our relief from Bombay. It was then but the work of a few weeks to restore order. The native troops who had revolted, seeing that resistance

was useless, returned to the British standard, and in a few months there was no trace left of the rebellion, save in the hearts of those who had lost some of their dearest friends and relatives. I resigned my commission when order was entirely regained, and have ever since wandered from city to city over all the civilized world, a man with no place to call home. As for the scoundrel who was the cause of my daughter's death, I have tried in every way to find him, but without success. The only way in which I can identify him positively is by a scar which he has on his wrist, the result of a sword cut received in a fight with a native soldier."

Suddenly, Mr. La Rue seemed to become greatly agitated; he lost his balance on the narrow ledge and fell into the deep water below. Mr. St. Clair leaned over as he came to the surface to assist him from his perilous position, but instead of assisting him he drew back with an exclamation of horror and surprise. As the Frenchman had raised his arm out of the water to receive the colonel's help, his sleeve had been drawn back from his wrist, disclosing a long, deep scar.

After several vain attempts to gain the ledge, the Frenchman was caught in the currents and borne swiftly under for the last time. Col. St. Clair stood silently for some time, with his gaze fixed intently on the place where his companion had disappeared, and then he turned and walked slowly back through the gathering gloom.

J. V. D.





Thoughts of the Night.

Now, at the close of day, when toil is o'er,
Curtains pulled down, and bolted fast the door,—
When, in my easy chair, I doze away,
And ponder o'er the labors of the day,
Think of the work completed or begun,
And of the course that I this day have run,
Musing alone, I upward turn my eyes,
And to my book-case slowly do they rise.
Here, side by side, in solid ranks arrayed,
Are faithful books, that oft for me have made
Hours pass with wingéd feet, with joy o'erlaid.
There is old Caesar, with his tale of war,
Siege, storm, and capture, all for me told o'er,—
Tales of the times, when dauntless courage led
'Gainst perils dire. Alas, the valiant dead
Have left this book,—its heroes all are fled!
Next see I Virgil, with his hero brave,
Who came from Troy, and crossed the foaming wave,
Carrying with him to Italia's strand,
Troy, and Penates of the conquered land.
Here read we of the regions of the dead,
Tisiphone exulting with her snakes blood-red;
Here read we, too, of valiant deeds of arms,
Heroes and gods, battles and night-alarms;
Here is the tale of Nisus and his friend,
Loving in life, and faithful to the end.
All these are flown, like visions of the night,
Or like a comet, that with radiance bright
Lightens the sky, then disappears from sight.
Or here again, the tale attention seeks
For Xenophon, and his ten thousand Greeks,

Dauntless in danger, faithful to their gods,
Who in dread straits, and midst o'erpowering odds,
Fought for their lives, and in the battle's hour,
Put to defiance Persia's vaunted power.
But now their limbs are lifeless in the ground,
Their place is vacant, when we look around,
And silence reigns afar, — silence profound.
Oh Greece ! Oh Rome ! That once did rule the earth,
And to such glorious men of old gave birth,
Why has the age of heroes passed away ?
Or do we wait a yet more glorious day ?
When shall again another Troy be seen ? —
Or has proud Ilium with all its glory been ?
Her children all are dead, — and are there none
To take their place ? Is no man left, — not one ?
So was I musing by the midnight oil,
Weary, and resting from the long day's toil.
But now the night is o'er, and far away,
Dawn, in her car, begins her heavenly way,
And song of birds at hand proclaims the day.

A. W. Van Buren.



A Queer Night's Lodging.

I LIKED him very much, but there was something queer about him. He always wore a peculiar, half-startled expression upon his face. There was something upon his mind that would allow no other thought to occupy his attention any length of time. He would gaze at you fixedly for a few seconds and then his eyes would wander, and once in a while he would shiver violently. It excited my curiosity a good deal, but I did not like to question him ; it might be something he did not wish known. He lived with his sister in a small house with a little garden near it, where he grew enough vegetables to supply their wants. They always treated everyone kindly, and were generally liked among the people, but they never said anything about their life previous to their coming there, four years before. He and his sister lived only about a quarter of a mile from me, and, indeed, were my nearest neighbors. There was a bench about half-way between us, overlooking the ocean and so situated that it was possible to look off for miles in every direction. Here we often met and enjoyed long talks, for he was a well-read man and had travelled extensively.

One day while sitting here we were surprised by a rain storm which came up behind us suddenly. I urged my companion to share my umbrella and come with me to my home. He consented, and we hurried under cover. The rain now poured steadily down as if it were never going to stop, it became quite dark, and the wind moaned around the corners of the house, making us draw up our chairs closer to the big blazing fire which sent forth such a cheerful, ruddy glow. He grew more confidential as we talked, and to my surprise he remarked, " I suppose you think some of my actions rather queer, don't you ? " I nodded, and he went on, " Well, I have some cause for being queer. I will tell you.

" Even as a child I had a dim idea that there was something of a terrible nature hereditary in our family. My father had never had anything the matter with him, but my grandfather was smitten with the malady when about twenty years old and at different times afterwards, and finally

died a horrible death. When I was ten years old my mother one day took me into her room and told me all she knew about it, in order that I might guard myself against it as much as possible. She said that for five or six generations the disease had fallen upon one and then another of the family alternately. My grandfather, she said, would never speak about these fits, and had died in constant fear of them.

“From this time forth I became very careful where I went and that some one always accompanied me. This constant watchfulness produced a kind of melancholy in me, and I determined to travel, to visit strange places, see new sights and queer people. I went to Africa, up and down the Nile, then to Asia, where I passed a pleasant three years, and finally at the end of my twentieth year found myself in Rome eagerly studying the art galleries and ancient buildings there. My twenty-first birthday come around, and I was overjoyed because I thought I had passed over the period when the fit usually came. As an extra celebration I thought I would visit the Catacombs. I got a guide and we commenced our journey underground. I was deeply interested in these dark, gloomy chambers where the early Christians lived at times in order that they might celebrate their new religion, and in which many noted persons of the Church were buried. I walked on, pondering upon these things, and only faintly heard my guide when he said we would have to go back, and bade me follow him. Without thinking I had wandered away from him, when I suddenly realized that a languor was creeping over me. I thought I would try to find some place to rest, and moved toward a door which was on my right. The room into which I had entered was a peculiar as well as ghastly one. The sides were built up with the skulls of men who had been buried here. By the wavering light of my torch they seemed to grin at me from all sides. A shiver ran through me as I gazed upon their hollow eyes and yellow teeth. Some had been there so long that they were falling to pieces, and others were still intact ; some, it seemed to me, were those of old men, others of young children. In some parts of the walls they had been formed into crosses and stood out beyond the rest.

“I thought I would escape this horrible sight and attempted to rise from the seat which I had taken behind a pillar in one corner of the room,

but I could not move. I tried to lift my arm, but no movement followed, and I perceived that I had no power to stir. It is difficult to describe my sensations, I can only say that I seemed suddenly to have less life in me. My powers were numbed and my existence was only consciousness, and nothing more. My sight grew dim and I could not feel anything. My torch fell to the ground and gradually died out. My hearing was as good as ever. I was perfectly conscious of my condition, and I thought I would shout for someone to come to my help, but not a sound could I utter. What was I to do? How long was I destined to stay in this room, black as death itself, cold, damp, with a horrible odor, surrounded by these grinning skulls? I had no idea how long this trance would last; maybe forever, if nothing was done for it. I heard a noise from without and recognized my guide's voice calling my name. He came to the door, stuck his torch in and looked around, but not seeing me behind the pillar he went on. How I tried to shout, to move, but to no purpose. A cold sweat stood out all over me. Was I doomed to die here? Hour after hour rolled by; it seemed days to me. Then came a reaction. A strange weariness seemed to be taking complete possession of me, and then a shiver shot through me; my head began to ache, and there were sharp pains in my legs and arms. I tried to stretch my arm. It obeyed. This, then, was the end of my trance. I got up and made my way as quickly as possible from the room. I ran down the passages, not caring where I went if only I might get out of this prison of the dead. By chance I met my guide who, with others, were searching for me, and quickly we left the Catacombs."

He stopped and sat looking into the fire. The rain had subsided and he rose to go. "I wonder where the next one will overtake me," he said, shivering, with that old look coming back into his eyes.

Burns Henry.

Mike.

AMONG the men employed in the freight yards of the Old Colony railroad, none was better known than "Mike" Flannigan. Every morning before six o'clock he started to work with his dinner-pail in his hand, and always had a cheerful "Good mornin'" for his fellow-laborers. There was something about his honest young face and good-natured ways that the men all liked, and Mike was a general favorite in the yard. After the hard day's work was over, and troops of workmen in their blue overalls and grimy clothes could be seen going off in all directions, Mike would pick up his empty dinner-pail, put on his coat, and trudge home also. He passed several saloons on his way, but they had no charms for him, in spite of the entreaties and sometimes even the jeers of his companions.

On one occasion, John Simson, a freight brakeman, had urged him to go in and have a drink, but he had stoutly refused. "Ho!" said the brakeman scornfully, "you're a dandy, you are; won't touch a drop 'coz of yer old mither."

"What? Say that agin!" said Mike, turning fiercely around. But Simson had seen the fire in the Irishman's eye, and had withdrawn, and Mike walked on, muttering to himself, "I'll make him sorry for that."

When he reached the cottage where he and his old mother lived alone, he always found her ready to take his hat and pail and spread a warm supper for "her awn Mikey." It was largely her love and influence that kept him away from the places where so many of his companions squandered their money; but it was for another reason that all his spare earnings were laid away in the old tea-chest in the closet. Mike was in love, and wished to be well prepared for his wedding day. Nellie O'Brien, his sweet-heart, lived just around the corner, and was the belle of the neighborhood. Mike loved her, truly, nobly, and she really cared for him, but sometimes, like girls in less humble station, she liked to torment him, and sometimes her temper, naturally stubborn, rebelled against his jealous rebukes, for she seemed to him to be too often attracted by the more dashing young fellows who came to see her.

One evening not long after Mike's refusal to drink with the brakeman, he went to call on Nellie, and who should be there but this same Simson. His jealousy and rage were wrought up to the highest pitch, and a stormy scene followed. First, he began to upbraid Nellie in no very mild terms, until she replied, "I guess I'll have just who I please come see me for all o' you. Yer think you're awful fine, you do, but yer ain't no better'n lots of other men, nor half so good, so there! And you needn't come see me no more, either!" And with a stamp of her foot and a flush on her pretty face she walked over to Simson, who had risen when Mike came in, and stood at his side. Mike remained a moment thunderstruck; then, realizing what had happened, he clutched his fists as if to spring upon his rival, but Nellie's presence seemed to restrain him. Looking at them both with flashing eyes, he said slowly, "Nellie, I wouldn't hev believed it o' you. Oi'll forgiv *you*, but *him* —!" And shaking his fist at the brakeman, he left the room.

The next day when the noon whistle blew, a gang of men collected in the shade of some freight cars to eat their dinners, and Mike happened to be one of the number. They had noticed that he had not had his usual greeting for his fellows that morning, but had been glum and moody, and soon some one remarked, "Say boys, what's up with Mike to-day; he's had a grouch on all the morning?"

"I'll tell yer the trouble," said Simson, who happened to be on top of the freight car. "He found me at Nellie O'Brien's house last night, and - "

"An' if Oi ketch yez agin there, Oi'll punch a hole in yer sneakin' face," choked out Mike.

"You braggin' Irishman, you, you ain't got the sand to say that again," said Simson, jumping down off the car. Mike had meanwhile picked up a heavy coupling pin, and the two men stood glaring at each other.

"Throw down the iron and play fair, Mike," cried the crowd, "you kin wallup him."

"Let him alone, fellers, he's a coward and dassn't hit me. His girl's

give him the bounce and —” But he never finished the sentence. The deadly coupling pin had descended on his head and crushed his skull.

A breathless silence fell on the awed group when they saw that he was dead, and the murderer himself made no resistance when the police, who had come up, put the hand-cuffs on his wrists.

“Ye’ll be strung fer this, Mikey,” whispered one of his horrified companions.

“Oi don’t care,” said he sullenly, but with a stifled sob, “except for my poor old mither. Ye’ll take care of her, won’t yer, Bill?”

Then as he was being led away, a look of unutterable hatred came into his eyes, and turning toward the ghastly, upturned face of his enemy, he muttered between his teeth, “He’ll never git her now!”

Edor.

The Image in the Heart.

MAN is not an helpless atom
Fate-decreed for power or pelf,
Nor the creature of a moment,—
Man is what he makes himself.

And the question swift arising,
“How does man thus do his part?”
Comes the answer just as quickly,
“’Tis the image in the heart.”

In the heart of every mortal
Is a tiny picture-frame;
There each man enthrones his goddess,
Though the world know not her name.

You and I have each a picture
Held in loving reverence there.
Heaven grant she be as noble,
Sweet, and true as she is fair. — *A. A.*

How the Fastest Train in the World is Run.

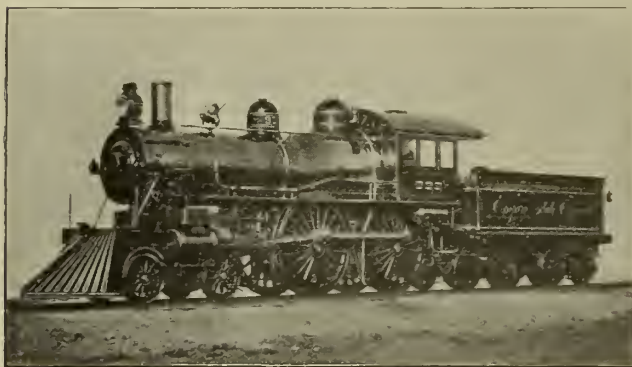
EVER since the days when the fleet-footed youths of Greece ran over the courses of the Olympian Games, nations of the world have been seeking means whereby a maximum amount of distance may be traversed in a minimum period of time. In a large measure, the success with which this problem has been solved has come to be an accurate gauge of civilization. Macaulay says that, "Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing press excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done the most for civilization," and Bacon has said: "There be three things which make a nation great and prosperous—a fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance for men and goods from place to place." Thus it is not surprising that America enjoys the distinction of excelling all other countries of the world in contrivances for the reduction of speed over steel railway.

The fastest train in the world, for the distance which it runs, is the "Empire State Express," which every week day rolls over the entire length of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad from New York City to Buffalo. While several railway lines in the United States and one in England have regular trains which are scheduled to travel faster than the average of this train, it is in every case for far shorter distances. The "Empire State," as it is familiarly known, makes the 440 miles between New York and Buffalo in 504 minutes, or an actual *average* running time of $52\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. Now this means that over several portions of the road the schedule requires as high as 70 miles an hour, to make up for stopping time and necessary reduction of speed along water troughs and over cross lines. As a matter of fact, there is hardly a day when this wonderful train does not speed along as fast as 80 miles an hour. Notwithstanding this exacting time table, it is seldom behind time, and never yet has met with the slightest accident.

The train is equipped with four cars, comprising one Wagner Buffet drawing-room car, two vestibuled day coaches, steam-heated and electric lighted, and one combination buffet, smoking, and library car. Naturally

one of the first considerations in the management of this train is the placing before it of locomotives which are capable of the desired strength and swiftness. The crack engines of the road haul the "Empire State" over the different divisions. Engines 999 and 870 are those usually assigned to the Hudson River Division, which skirts the river, with hardly a grade worth mentioning, from New York to Albany. It is over this distance that some of the quickest time is made. The train is not scheduled to stop over the hundred and forty-two miles of this run.

Engine 999 is now well known all over the country as the swiftest locomotive ever constructed, its record being *one hundred twelve miles an*



New York Central's Empire State Express Engine, No. 999;
Fastest Locomotive in the world.

hour! This magnificent machine was designed by Mr. William Buchanan, superintendent of motive power for the New York Central, and formed a notable feature of interest at the Chicago Fair. So much attention has been drawn to this engine that a waltz by a promi-

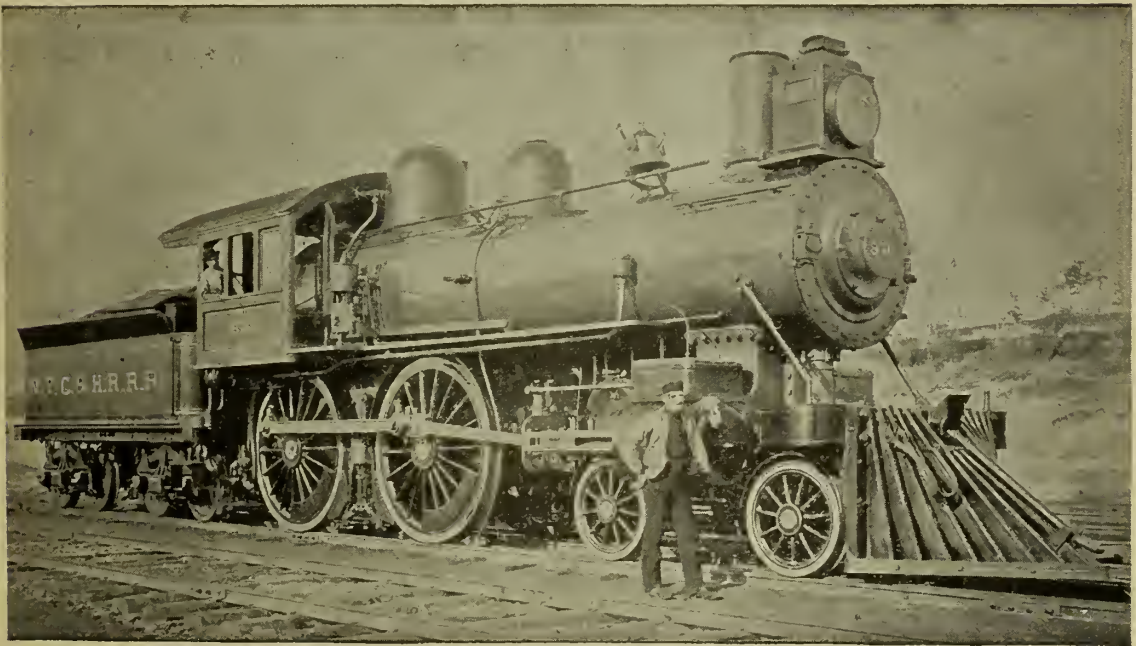
nent musician has been dedicated to it.

While the mile record of No. 999 has never been equalled, its companion on the Hudson River Division, No. 870, enjoys the distinction of pulling a special train of four cars from New York to East Buffalo in an unparralleled fast run. The time of this trip was as follows: New York to Albany, 143 miles (no stops) in 140 minutes; Albany to Syracuse, 148 miles in 146 minutes; Syracuse to East Buffalo, 146 miles in 147 minutes 34 seconds; or $436\frac{1}{4}$ miles in $424\frac{3}{4}$ minutes.

Every safeguard is afforded for the successful performance of fast

trains along this remarkable railroad. The entire road is guarded by the most improved system of block signals. The track-bed is kept in perfect repair, and the rails used are unusually heavy.

Far more important than these material conditions is the mental factor that enters into the management of the "Empire State Express." From the most humble flagman, up through the operators of the signal towers to the train despatcher, and to President Chauncey M. Depew



No. 870, New York Central Railroad.

himself, their rests weightily the responsibility which such a train imposes. Let us follow its course from New York to Albany. The guiding hand which controls the movement of this express is the train despatcher in the Grand Central Station, New York. This official knows exactly what condition the entire 440 miles of his road is in,—whether it is snowing at Syracuse, or fair at Buffalo, whether there be an accident on

any division, or any passenger or freight train behind time. In issuing his orders he must be able to promptly foresee every exigency that is likely to put this train behind time, and as surely devise a way out of the difficulty, for it is generally understood by every official of the road that the "Empire State" must be got through on time at all events.

When the General Superintendent reaches his office in the morning he finds lying on his desk a report which is a condensed summary of everything of importance that has happened on the road for the twenty-four hours ending 6 A.M. — how the weather has been, whether the trains have been generally on time or not, and the state of business, etc. Thus the Superintendent is able to take a bird's-eye view of the entire line.

Train No. 51, which is the "Empire State Express" westward, is backed into the station a few minutes before leaving time. The engine, which has been carefully inspected in the yards by the engineer and fireman, is coupled to the cars. The train master, after having made out his report of inspection for the whole train, hands this document to his superiors, and at 8.29 the starter rings a bell, which is the signal to close the waiting-room doors and pull up the car steps. At 8.30 the starter rings the second bell, the conductor waves his arm, and the engineer opens the throttle. The train glides out of the station, not to stop till it reaches Albany.

But the weight of responsibility is not over, but just begun. The train despatcher in New York knows just what his train is doing. From every station there clicks upon the instruments in his office a report of the train. For instance, there comes this from Yonkers: 51 — 8.53, which signifies that the "Empire State" has thundered through that city at 8.53 o'clock, on time. As these concise reports come in they are entered in a long column upon a printed blank. If there is an accident anywhere on the northbound track No. 51 is ordered to switch off upon the southbound whenever possible, all southbound trains being held at the nearest switch on the other side of the blockade. As the express rushes by each signal tower the operator promptly sets the danger signal behind her, and the engineer watches keenly for the next semaphore. If the weather be foul the engineer must "push her," for Albany *must be reached on time*. There

is n't much time for deliberation when you are running an engine at the rate of from sixty to seventy-five miles an hour, so it is not surprising that only the most trusty and experienced crews are placed in charge of this train in its mad dash over the three divisions from New York to Buffalo. †



The famous Empire State Express of the New York Central.
Fastest Train in the World.

A Case of Precedent.



THEY came from the direction of North Pennsylvania Street, and they were both very pretty girls. Indeed, they were so attractive that not only men looked at them with admiration, but even a few girls and women could not refrain from casting cautious glances of interest, and sometimes envy. Both possessed trim figures, and both wore the daintiest of new tailor-made suits, golden brown, with silk finishing braid, bronze buttons, and deep green satin waistcoats. Both had fluffy hair, ornamented with the finest of shell-pins and combs,

and both little heads were adorned with the Frenchiest of hats.

Euphemia and her mother walked directly behind the two pretty girls. And Euphemia, who was numbered among the first-class society girls of the city, "had her eyes open." But Euphemia always kept her eyes open. All the way, as she walked behind the tailor-made girls, she "took them in." She measured with her eyes the length of their coats. She observed that they each had five pockets. She did not fail to mark the French boots, tan gaiters, long Suede gloves, and little brown hats. She did not know these girls, or even their names, but they were certainly very stunning, and she told her mother that they were probably New York "buds." And then after a little more inspecting and a little more thinking, she said to her mother in a decided voice,

“Mamma, you notice those girls? Observe them closely, and when we turn the corner, be sure to get a good look at the front of their suits. And then, together, we shall be able to tell Miss Pringle just how I want my new suit made. No doubt they are the latest thing in New York, and I will have one before they are common here.”

And then the pretty girls with their chic gowns were lost to sight, though not to memory. For Euphemia and her mother went the very next day to a modiste and described, in detail, a suit they had seen in New York, and ordered one like it. The suit was bought and made, and laid carefully in the lower drawer of Euphemia's chiffonier, from whence it was to be removed and adjusted to her own trim figure on the following Sunday, when she would go a little late to church and glide down the aisle in a most contented frame of mind, for would she not be the envy and admiration of all her friends?

Euphemia went shopping for some trifles on the following Saturday. The trifles were French-heeled shoes, tan gaiters, and tan Suede gloves. She glanced to the right and saw — horrors! — what did she see to cause her to stop in the middle of the aisle and turn pale? Right there at the front of the store, behind the lace counter, which is the most conspicuous position attainable, as everyone knows, stood those two pretty girls with those very identical New York (?) tailor-made suits!

And now Euphemia has united herself with the host of girls and women who are ready to take up arms against the popular nuisance, the so-called “impertinence of city clerks.”

L. H.

The Ellerton Mills.

SUPERINTENDENT Brown was pacing the floor of his office with measured steps. In his hand he held a letter, seemingly the cause of some anxiety, for from time to time he turned his gaze upon the letter and stared fixedly at the fire burning in the grate before him. Let us also look upon this important note.

MR. G. R. BROWN, Superintendent of the Ellerton Mills :

Sir.—After having carefully inspected your main building, we have unhesitatingly condemned it as unfit for further use in its present condition. The constant jarring of the heavy machinery has, in the course of time, so weakened the structure that we would very earnestly urge that it be rebuilt *at once*, or if you cannot afford to rebuild just now, have it repaired under our personal supervision. In either case we strenuously advise you to close the mill immediately.

Very truly,

JAMES P. PRICE,

Chief Inspector of Public Buildings.

After he had finished reading, Mr. Brown threw the letter on his desk, wandered towards the window and gazed thoughtfully out into the darkness, meditatively drumming on the window pane. He seemed to be making a calculation on the glass. At last he turned and said, as if to himself, “We can’t afford to rebuild now. Here we are, crowded with orders, running overtime, and even to stop to repair would mean a cool five hundred thousand to us. True, that old building is rickety, but I guess she’ll stand till the rush is over.”

After quieting his conscience, the Superintendent proceeded to don his heavy ulster preparatory to starting out into the blustering night. Just as he was about to turn out the gas, his eye again fell upon the letter open on his desk. He started a little, as if he saw some disagreeable picture in his mind. It passed quickly, however, and he hastily placed it with his other mail into his waste drawer.

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It was evening, a week later. The huge mill loomed up in the darkness, its maze of windows streaming with light, showing out in sharp contrast against the dark sky. In the engine-room the engineer was looking at his watch. In three minutes he must blow the great whistle which announced to the weary operatives the close of the day's work. He yawned sleepily as he held his watch open before him, his hand on the throttle. For a fortnight he had been working overtime, and he was worn out. It was now half an hour beyond his supper time. Up in the great mill six hundred men and women were counting their tallies preparatory to departure.

Suddenly, without the least warning, a tremor ran through the huge structure. A second elapsed, and then a second shock, much greater than the first. Then, with a ripping sound, as the floors were torn asunder, the high walls fell out, and the whole mass of brick, wood, and machinery, together with its burden of humanity, fell to the ground with a dull, sickening crash. One cannot picture the awfulness of the catastrophe. There amid the fallen debris were imprisoned six hundred people, living or dead.

In an instant, almost, the news spread over the city. A frantic crowd soon gathered at the scene of the disaster. Few there were in the crowd who had not a husband, sister, brother, or child in the ruins. Men were groaning, women wailing, and every eye was wet in sympathy. To add to the horror, fire broke out immediately and spread with frightful rapidity. Soon the whole wreck was ablaze. Heroic efforts were made to arrest the flames and rescue the victims, but the flames rose higher and higher, and soon the whole building was a seething mass.

Suddenly above the shouts and weeping, a sound as of girls singing was heard. Every voice was hushed in an instant, every ear was strained to catch the sound. Breathlessly the crowd listened, while from out that fiery furnace there swelled that well known refrain,

"One sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
The thought that I am nearer home
Than e'er I was before."

As their scorched bodies afterwards showed, a number of mill girls

hopelessly imprisoned in a small chamber by the fallen ruins, despairing of rescue, had joined hands and calmly awaited their horrible death.

Verse by verse, stanza by stanza, the song grew weaker, as one by one, the singers slowly succumbed to the flames. When finally the last voice had died away, the crowd, stupified at such heroism, was dumb for a moment. Then the sobs, curses and prayers burst forth afresh. Now a frenzied mother would rush toward the holocaust, only to be brought back fainting from the heat. One man along of all that throng remained tearless. Touched to the bottom of his soul by the heroism displayed by the mill girls, crazed by the thought that he was the cause of their death, and, unable to endure more, with tottering steps he turned homeward.

The morning papers of the next day had two horrors to relate. One, the collapse of the Ellerton Mill ; the other, the suicide of George Brown.

William F. Merrill.

To my Love.

I love my love, and she knows it not ;
I love my love, and the very thought
Fills my heart with happiness.
I love my love, and she cannot guess
That I love her so that the stars above
Seem scarce a boundary for that love.

"Love rules the world," the poets sing,
And I feel my heart responsive ring.
Whether she loves me or not, a thrill
Of happy thought runs through me still.
Whatever time or change may prove,
'Tis enough for me, that I love my love.

Pierre.

“HOW'D you say it read, mother?”

It was Pierre who spoke, at the same time raising his eyes from the tackle over which he had been bent the whole afternoon. Perhaps the most striking thing about his face is the extreme shyness there shown. Pierre was by nature very shy, and his life had not been one to cure him of it; for, especially in the last few years, he had spent almost all his time fishing alone in his row-boat, and had come to love the great solitude of the ocean as he loved nothing else. But now his life was to be changed. The market was paying less than formerly for such fish as he caught, and, being no longer able to support his mother, he must go, on the morrow, into the great city and find more profitable work. Thus it happened that he had been working over and handling his tackle so long, and that his mother, as was her custom when anything special was to happen, had taken the big Bible from its shelf and been slowly and laboriously spelling out the words in a mumbling voice. Pierre had paid little attention to her reading, but one sentence had caught his ears, and he wanted to hear it again. His first question being unheeded, he repeated it.

“How'd you say it read about the great love, mother?”

Carefully following the words with her finger, the bent old woman read, “‘Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.’” Pierre repeated it after her, lingering on the words, ‘greater love,’ and ‘for his friend.’ Pierre, poor fellow, had known but little of love. To be sure, he loved his mother, but that came so naturally that he did not recognize it as such. His life had been solitary; his companions, the waves and the sea-gulls. And that sentence kept running through his head even in his sleep.

“Fire!” “Fire!” “Fire!”

Pierre springs from his bed, thrusts his head through his little garret window, and looks down upon a narrow alley of the great city. Three days have passed since we saw him last, three days of fruitless search for

work. His meals have been bought at a bakery; his nights spent in this garret, his days in roaming the city only to meet at every turn, "No; I can't take you." Now the sudden cry has roused him from a troubled dream in which he seemed to keep asking his mother to repeat again that strange verse that had impressed him so. But the sight he sees thoroughly rouses him, for the lower stories of the building next him are a seething mass of flames. He is seized with terror,—well-founded terror, for he knows the buildings are wooden and the night windy. He turns to flee. But no! Suddenly, there comes to him the awful memory that the room right across the alley from his is a store-house of *powder*. Through the window he has seen the evenly ranged kegs. He stops. His hand is on the door-knob. He hears the flames crackling and roaring and knows that a few moments more and they will have reached the powder. There will be a terrible explosion; the building will be wrecked; the surrounding multitudes buried by the ruins, and scores of lives lost. His whole frame is shaken by his emotions. It is the battle of his life. "Shall I?" "Shall I not?" "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend." He turns about. In less time than it can be told, he knocks to pieces his bedstead, dashes out his window, places the side from one window-sill to the other, and, wrapped in dense smoke, choking with the heat, he crawls across and plunges through the opposite window, he knows not how, cutting himself, but caring not. And then his sturdy arms do good service as he hurls down those kegs to the floods of water waiting for them in the alley below.

Pierre is not a hero of that stamp the world so loves — cool and fearless in the face of danger. On the other hand, he is pale with fear; his knees are shaking; he is even trying to calculate his chance of getting out those terrible kegs and crawling back in time.

Ten kegs left; and the room is getting unbearably hot. Five kegs left; and the smoke, oozing in through every crack and crevice, almost suffocates him. As he totters from that grim pile of kegs to the window, and from window to kegs, there constantly comes to him the sight of his mother and home and the boundless ocean, and he longs to turn back and flee from his danger; but as often comes to him that old verse, "Greater

love" — it comes as if there were some one whispering it in his ear, and who shall say there was not? Three kegs left; and he sees the hungry little flames creeping nearer and ever nearer. Two kegs left; will this suspense never end? One keg left; and as he hurls it down, his hands are burned, for it is already blazing. And now he has but to crawl back again and be saved. But no! God wills it otherwise. The floor gives way, and with a cry,—not a loud cry of fear, not a wild shriek of terror, but rather a heart-rending wail—he plunges into the ruin below, to be mercilessly crushed and burned.

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Last summer I walked past Pierre's old home. Just before I got to it, high up on the bluff overlooking the sea, I found a solitary grave. I stopped and read the stone. There was written in bold, rude letters this: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." This, and no more. I went on and passed the cottage, and there I saw the mother knitting on the door-stone. Nature was the same as she had been; the ocean was the same; its waves still beat and surged against the rocks, or rolled forward and back upon the sands; the gulls still soared as they had ever done; the seasons still came and went; but there was sadness in this old mother's heart. Sadness? Yes, but at the same time joy, joy, still and deep, for she was ever thinking how each setting sun marked one day nearer to her rest and loved ones.

J. Austin Richards.

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The Coward.

HE was a coward. It was a sad but undeniable fact. From the day on which his troop had been under fire for the first time, to the time of this story, when the union army was shut up in Chattanooga by Bragg, he had managed by hook or crook to keep from taking an active part in a single engagement.

On the march and in camp, however, an equally intense zeal and loyalty for the Union would take possession of him, and work him into such a state of enthusiasm that you would have thought him a perfect fire-eater, but at the first shot all this appearance of valor would vanish, and give place to a most abject and shameful cowardice.

It was in one of these fits of enthusiasm that Rufus had enlisted, but oh how many times since had he cursed himself for doing it.

On one occasion when the two armies were encamped not far from each other he was detailed for picket duty. As soon as he learned this he went straight to his Captain, who was an old friend, and told him that he would surely die of terror if he were sent out at night. But the Captain, ashamed of his cowardice, and wishing to give Rufus an opportunity of showing that he was not quite so despicable as his fellow soldiers thought, urged him to keep up his sand, and refused to release him from outpost duty.

That night about a quarter of an hour before the time for Rufus to mount guard, a shot and cry was heard. The men tumbled out of their tents, and soon returned carrying Rufus, whom they had found moaning on the ground, shot through the calf of the leg. How he received the wound was never satisfactorily explained. However, he escaped picket duty.

But to return to the story. During the days in which the union army was so closely hemmed in at Chattanooga, Rufus became more and more nervous and agitated. He wandered timidly about the town, racking his brain to discover some means of escaping the impending battle. Finally, one day as he was walking aimlessly about, his hat pulled down

over his eyes, and his whole appearance expressing the deepest dejection, a sudden thought came to him like an inspiration. He would make his escape that night while on picket duty. The chance was desperate, but anything was better than battle, the mere thought of which made him quake. Greatly relieved in spirit he returned to his tent and made preparations.

The night was dark and the sky overcast with a heavy bank of clouds. A cold, misty rain, which had been falling since morning, had made the ground soft and muddy. It was about eleven o'clock, and not a man was to be seen within the union lines, save the sentries who tramped back and forth upon their beats, at each turn drawing their great coats more closely about them in a futile attempt to keep out the dampness which chilled them through and through.

In the deeper shadow at the edge of the woods a picket sat motionless upon his dripping horse. The only sounds audible were the drops of water which fell from the pine trees and an occasional melancholly wheeze from the half frozen horse as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other. Rufus crouched in his saddle as stiff as a statue and nearly as cold, his hands clutching the reins, his head bent forward, and his ears straining to catch the slightest sound. He was too frightened even to shiver, and if a faint breath of air would now and then cause the tops of the trees to rustle and send down a shower of rain-drops he would start so violently that his horse would prick up his ears, and then give a reproachful wheeze and doze off again. Occasionally a signal torch would wave for a moment from the top of Lookout Mountain, or a shower of sparks would twinkle as some soldier threw a fresh armful of wood on the fire in a vain endeavor to keep dry.

Presently the rain began to stop, and the moon shone for a moment through the scattering clouds. Rufus was in agony. Every minute the sky was getting brighter. Should he try to steal down through the woods and make his escape by the river? An old Negro had told him where a skiff was hidden, and all his preparations were made. If he could reach it his escape would be comparatively easy; but he run the risk of being shot by the sentinels of both armies. If he stayed!—Each time the

thought of battle made him shudder. It was awful! He had gone willingly out on guard duty in the hope of being able to escape, and now the stillness made flight and remaining seem equally hazardous. How long would this suspense continue? Suddenly he drew in his breath with a quick gasp. What was that? Off to the right was heard the sharp challenge of a sentry and an answering hail. The pickets were being relieved. Rufus listened with bated breath. Another challenge and another answer. Now they are relieving the next sentry but one. His turn will come in a moment, and his last chance of escape gone. He trembles violently, and the sweat breaks out over his whole body. His head reels. The roaring in his ears seems to him the crash of cannon and the rattle of musketry; he can even hear the shrieking of shells and the yells of the wounded. Ye gods! anything is better than that; he must take the chance. Just as the patrol reaches the sentinel beyond, Rufus urges his horse down the bank of the shallow ravine which leads to the river, and disappears just as the men come round the bend in the road.

Rufus is steadily making his way through the forest, and undoubtedly will escape discovery, as his horse's feet make scarcely a sound upon the damp pine needles, when as ill luck will have it, his horse, hearing the patrol approaching, neighs. His unhappy rider, with a sob of despair, gives up all hope of stealing away, and striking spurs to his horse's flanks, dashes on towards the river. The approaching cavalymen, who were rather suspicious of Rufus, immediately gave chase, and tore down the ravine after him. Bending forward along his steed's neck, Rufus frantically urges him to greater speed. Glancing back, he catches glimpses of his pursuers as they flash under the openings in the trees, through which the moon is now shining. They dare not fire or shout for fear of attracting the Confederates.

Rufus is drawing away from his pursuers, thanks to his reckless riding, as his mind is filled with but one thought — speed. He trusts to his horse's instinct to avoid trees and rocks, and makes no attempt to guide him. Hark! he hears the sound of riders approaching from the direction of the rebel lines. A moment later a body of cavalry dash down from the left and attack his pursuers. At a short distance is the river, and

there is the clump of willows in which the boat is hidden. Safety is almost within reach, when something prompts him to look back. The moon shines full upon the fight going on back in the forest. The confederates are twice as numerous as his friends, who will soon be compelled to surrender or be killed. As he looks he sees a man reel and pitch forward to the ground, spitted on the sword of another, and he gives a sob of shame and remorse as he realizes that it is his horrible cowardice that is causing the death of these men. It is too much. All his better nature rises within him, and the next instant he is a different man. With a savage cry he whips out his sabre, and crashes back into the fight. The attention of the rebels is diverted for a moment by the impetuous attack, and as Rufus falls mortally wounded, his friends extricate themselves from the melée, and gallop back to the union lines.

Edward Foote Hinkle



Pomp.

UNDER the shade of some fir trees in the Old South burying-ground in Andover there stands an ancient slate tombstone, upright and lonely. As you go sliding down the little knoll on the pine needles, you would hardly notice the stone, unless bent on a search for it. A little apart from its grewsome companions, it stands firm and solid in the earth, its back covered with moss; when once in front, however, one can easily make out the letters. Undoubtedly the frequent lore-gatherers that visit this curious old spot pick off what little moss remains, either as keepsakes, or to more readily distinguish the antique inscription. Engraved on the surface is the name, "Pomp Lovejoy," and somewhat below, "born in Boston a slave, died in Andover a freeman."

When I first discovered this relic and the mysterious purport of its inscription, I determined to visit a friend of mine (one of the oldest inhabitants) and see if she could throw any light upon it.

Pomp, as he was called for short, his real name being Pompey, was a slave who had purchased the rights of a freedman long "befoh de wah," and had settled in the wild tract of lumber land, which then hedged in the pond, with his wife Rose, and her sister Flora. Here they lived all their lives, in this lonely sequestered spot,—a very desirable summer home; but how a negro, with all the superstitious tendencies of his race, could manage to survive the ghostly moaning of the winter blasts and the horrible resounding crack of the snapping boughs, is hard to imagine.

Their abode was a little brown house, with a lean-to against it. A snugger, better-ordered house could hardly be found. As one entered the door, the first thing to meet his gaze was the spotless, dazzling whiteness of the hard-wood floor and the long row of glistening pewter ware up on the shelf. Indeed, the mothers of the surrounding country, when teaching their daughters the art of housekeeping, frequently gave them, as a model of cleanliness, Rose's renowned floor.

The gossips who betook themselves to the boxes and cracker-barrels of the town grocers often guessed at the probability of Pomp's being

allied with the devil, from whom he was said to obtain some wonderful cleansing fluid. However, with all this jealousy and idle prattle, Pomp and his wife were the favorites of the neighborhood.

One of the festive occasions of New England used to be 'Lecture Day, when the governor took his seat and reviewed the militia. This was Pomp's red-letter day.

On the day before, all the young girls of the vicinity would bring the necessities for cooking—and then what a good time they had! From morn till eve the little kitchen resounded with the merry laughter of the amateurs; and in this case too many cooks did not spoil the broth, although I suspect they worked harder at the testing of the sweetmeats than at the making of them.

On the next afternoon all the young men and women were to be seen hastening towards Pomp's little dwelling-place, all arrayed in their "Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. After the 'Lecture cake had been eaten, old Pomp would take up his fiddle, seat himself comfortably in the doorway of his house, and strike up a lively dance tune, while the young people danced upon the green level sward. When they were tired of this, they resorted to boats on the lake, or went picking wild flowers in the surrounding woods.

My historian tells me that a great deal of courting went on at these festive gatherings, and that twenty marriages had resulted, to her certain knowledge. As she imparted this latter fact to me, a gentle smile spread over her face, but I said nothing.

Pomp continued his 'Lecture Day gatherings until his death, which came peacefully one Sunday morning in June. The pond remains, but now it resounds only with the shouts of the urchins at the swimming hole, or with the merry ring of skates in winter.

Christopher Thaggson.

Editorials.

OUR NEW GYMNASIUM.



AFTER years of vain hopes, after spasmodic periods of enthusiasm, and impetuous money contributions, after chapters of editorials have been compiled, and after anathemas have been pronounced on nearly every brick, nail, and board in the present structure, the crusade for a new Gymnasium, which the Mirror has endeavored to keep before its readers this year, has taken on a more promising phase. All previous efforts in this direction have been undertaken, as we have previously point-

ed out, by those who have had the enthusiasm and the willingness to do all in their power to further the enterprise, but who have not had it in their power to accomplish much in a material way. The history of these movements dates back many years, when the school was half its present size.

The Phillipian some ten years ago began a movement towards a new building, to which it contributed the zeal of many articles, and together with this a very creditable sum of money. A few years ago the ardor was once more aroused by a memorable school meeting, in which the school pledged in all nearly two thousand dollars. Through these means, and also others, the actual fund at present amounts to about five thousand dollars.

We state on the best of authority that "a new gymnasium is now in sight." A graduate of the class of '60 has come forward and offered the exceedingly generous sum of twenty thousand dollars, provided, through other sources, thirty thousand dollars be raised. We are glad to notice

that the Trustees are finally moving in this matter, and that they and our Faculty are very deeply interested. It is doubtful if the school fully appreciates the earnest work and planning which Mr. Hardy is doing in this direction.

As Dr. Bancroft very aptly declared at the annual dinner of the New York Alumni Association, and as we have repeatedly reiterated, *the most imperative material need of Phillips Academy to-day is a new Gymnasium*. The school appreciates the generous proposition that has already been volunteered; it is very grateful to those gentlemen who are so determinedly working towards this goal. It is with a sense of the deepest satisfaction that after these long years of waiting and striving we see positive promise of success.



CRITICISM.

It is with a certain reluctance and after nearly two months have elapsed, that we reply to the comment on our last issue as given by the Phillipian. And in the first place we desire to distinctly state that it is in no such tit-for-tat spirit as was evidenced by a former Board that we do so. We would also add our hope that this declaration may not be overlooked, and the tone of our editorial perverted, as was the case with the one appealing to the class of '96. If our esteemed contemporaries would do us the honor of more than a most cursory glance across our pages, their criticisms would be more worthy of general consideration, and would not, as now demand our censure.

We certainly consider it poor taste in speaking of a sister publication to even hint at a spirit to fill its pages up at any cost and with any material. Especially should we guard ourselves when such a paper from

its nature could not match our glass-house principle of copying lengthy extracts from college publications with an impunity corresponding to our own.

Again we should hardly care to push aside the most carefully restricted limitations of an editorial, and affirm that it made the broad statement it so assiduously guarded against. We refer to the Phillipian's statement "In the editorial criticism of the Phillipian's recent review of the Mirror, the attempt is made to throw the blame for meagre and unsatisfactory work entirely upon the under classmen."



We are also glad of an opportunity to remind the Phillipian of the true meaning of the word "criticism." We have the appalling audacity to assert (and not entirely upon our own authority) that some of the articles that have appeared in the Mirror this year have been deserving of praise. And we do not call it praise to say that the Mirage was not quite so poor as usual,

or the stories were fair, but with no originality whatever. From our own experience we can say that it requires no ability to find fault. We are sure nobody is more open to criticism and suggestion *hand in hand* than we. Our path is not so easy as to make us neglect advice, nor have we so much confidence and self-satisfaction.

We repeat that it is in no bitterness of spirit that we make these remarks. We have too much regard for the Phillipian's high standard to fear the proverbial newspaper squib of denial. Whether their eloquence of refutation be poured in upon us or not (and they certainly have the advantage of us in opportunity), we hope our words will bear some fruit in the tone of their further criticism.

TWO SIDES OF AN OLD QUESTION.

THE tendency in students to give exclusive attention to one branch of study is one of the strongest in American schools to-day. The old question — should it be encouraged? — has never been successfully answered. We do not hope to here, but there are some unmistakable facts that are profitable to consider.

Without doubt there is much to be said both *pro* and *con*. As a rule scientists encourage special study, and think general culture a waste of time. They urge beginners to give their whole attention to specialties, and yield themselves fully to the fascination of their work. Professor Palmer of Harvard says :

“The popular distrust of specialization is sure to grow less as our people become familiar with its effects, and see how often narrow and thorough study, undertaken in early life leads to ultimate breadth. It is a pretty dream that a man may start broad, and then concentrate; but nine out of every ten strong men have taken the opposite course. They have begun in some one-sided way, and have added other sides as occasion required. Almost in his teens Shakespeare makes a specialty of the theatre, Napoleon of military science, Beethoven of music, Hunter of medicine, Hugh Miller of rocks, Faraday of chemistry, Hamilton of political science. The great body of musicians, poets, novelists, theologians, politicians are early specialists. Something has aroused an interest, and they have followed it out until they have surveyed a wide horizon from a single point of view.”

In speaking of special study as of value because it leads to ultimate breadth, Professor Palmer concedes the great aim of education — the well rounded development of the individual man. Since this development results only from the highest culture of all the faculties, this purpose should be made the basis of education. Let the man who is anxious for special work remember that a wide culture will fit him by so much the more, and that no one can successfully pursue a specialty without a thorough mastery of certain fundamental requirements.

It is true that Professor Palmer's list of one-sided beginners who have broadened later, is formidable to one recommending this course, but we do not wish to imply that natural preferences are in no way to be encouraged. The point we make is that the mind can better follow out

its preferences after good training of *all its powers*. To develop one and neglect others unfits the average man for his life work. As Mr. Lowell says: "The object of education should be to set free, to supple, and to train the faculties for whatever task life may afterward set them; and to open windows on every side of the mind where thickness of wall does not prevent. Special aptitudes are sure to take care of themselves, but the latent possibilities of the average mind can only be discovered by experiment in many directions."

MEMBERSHIP IN SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS.



INSTITUTED by the Faculty, a few months ago, was a rule inaugurating a dictatorship over membership in school organizations, based upon degrees of scholarship, and adopted for the purpose of improving class standing and preserving more time for the preparation of recitations. As subsequent events have proved, however, it has not been found altogether free from flaws. There is no doubt whatever that the intent of this measure was theoretically admirable, but in its practical legislation it has been found to be exceedingly unfortunate, not altogether impartial, and in fact inadequate to materially effect the purposes for which it was originally intended. The text of the regulation reads as follows:

"Membership in any representative school organization, such as the school athletic teams, the musical organizations, and the school literary papers, shall necessitate a class standing of at least "C" in ten hours of class work, and of at least "D" in all studies pursued."

It may at first sight appear a very sweeping assertion to say that this rule is unjust and ineffectual, but when it is submitted to a careful dissection these deductions are found to be true.

There are certain inconsistencies that are not wholly explainable, for one set of organizations is left entirely exempt from its power, while another set is made to feel its potency. Philo and Forum are not included by it, yet these societies are fully as representative school organizations as the musical clubs. Men may not play base-ball on the first nine, but these same men are not restricted from putting nearly as much time on their street teams. Members of the track team may not be permitted to enter a meet, but they are allowed to take the time necessary for daily practice. The editors of the school papers may be arbitrarily deposed by the Faculty, but this does not debar them from doing just as much writing as heretofore, and in reality the editors of our periodicals are not required to give much more time to their duties than do the officers of the two literary societies.

We are confident that the Faculty in instituting this precept had first in view the raising of the standard of scholarship, the protecting of men's time, and the suppression of that outside criticism which says that men pursue athletics here at the expense of their studies. If it were intended for mere discipline or punishment, surely the dignity of Phillips Academy and the sense of honor of her students would never justify any such kindergarten methods, and we cannot believe for a moment that any purpose so foreign to our institution's government should have been thought of. Therefore we are forced to conclude that the first hypothesis is the true one. If this is so, we have shown that the rule is unavailing to accomplish the desired ends. Aside from not limiting a fellows time, it has served in several cases rather to discourage than to stimulate.

As the Phillipian has previously urged, there should be an *average* introduced into the measure. For instance, to our knowledge, a member of one of the upper classes obtained a report at the end of last term averaging "B," with the exception of *one hour a week of mathematics, which he failed to pass. He was thus compelled to leave one of the athletic teams.* The capable men here are seldom found in the ranks of the mere "grinds."

If a man take no part in athletics and pass in all studies he is a

member of the school in good and regular standing. But just so sure as he tries to do outside work — something for the school, his former marks are not sufficient ; he must reach an average of “C” in ten hours.

Far be it from our object to deplore any method that will beneficially raise the standard of scholarship, for scholarship should always stand first in Andover student life. The importance, however, of our organizations must not be ignored, and it must be remembered that these organizations have played a very material part in building up our prestige ; that without their stability and successful operation the present prosperous condition of the Academy could be doubtfully maintained. It is these institutions which in large measure offer the so-called “attractions” to the prospective student before he decides upon any school or college. It is they which bind together the undergraduates with a strong “Andover Spirit,” and constitute the most treasured parts of student life here.

Whence does Andover's rank come? First from her work in the class-room; and next from her victorious teams, her skilful musical clubs, and her creditable periodicals. It is these organizations of which we are justly proud. If they are to be crippled by the loss of many of their most accomplished members, can the school help but suffer ?

A very general feeling of discontent has spread through the school as a result of the new regulation. We do not believe that the majority of the school could so unitedly feel this dissatisfaction, and make these criticisms without just cause. The only sensible and reasonable regulation in the light of what has occurred is to make some such provision as one requiring a man to pass in all studies, or attain an average of “C.” This provides for the man who, for instance, gets “A” in mathematics and “E” in one hour of Greek prose.

We are aware that it is not the policy of our Faculty to rescind any action. The only instance we recall is the decision concerning judges for the Worcester Debate, and this reconsideration was only obtained after the societies' committee had diligently and undeniably demonstrated the absolute reasonableness of their request. Nevertheless we hope that the sentiment of the school as expressed in this editorial will not be wholly ignored.

A FENCE IN ANDOVER.

AMONG the many characteristics of Andover, perhaps the one which strikes the outsider most forcibly is the loyalty which Andover men have for their school. This Andover spirit, as it is commonly called, is one of the most valuable things we carry away from the old Academy, and while it may not appear so strongly while we are here, it grows upon us after we leave, and stays with us.

But strange to say there is a deplorable lack of class feeling, which is exhibited at every class meeting.

The base-ball games between the Middle and Junior Middle Classes, which have been begun this year between '96 and '97, will undoubtedly tend to strengthen class spirit, but we should like to propose another very pretty custom which is very popular at Yale, Amherst, and other colleges, and that is the Fence.

We all remember the excitement that was caused by the removal of the fence at Yale when thousands of petitions from alumni all over the country were received, pleading to have the fence left, and how, when it was finally decided that it must go, the students carried it off bodily, and kept every piece and nail for souvenirs.

Why could we not have a fence here at Andover? It could be put up in front of the Academy building, and only the Seniors, Middlers, and the Junior Middlers if they won the game with the Middlers, allowed to sit on it. As the class presents have been abolished, the matter of expense could be easily defrayed by the two senior classes.



THE ASCENDENCY OF THE PRESENT ATHLETIC SEASON.

NEVER before within the history of out-of-door sports has there been a season which gave promise of a greater number of remarkable events than does the present. International athletic contests, which were inaugurated by the Yale-Oxford meeting last summer, will be one of the features of this season's programme. This all goes to show that athletics were never in a more prosperous condition than to-day, and that they are yearly obtaining a stronger hold on Americans and Englishmen than ever before.

The college world will look with no little interest upon the Cornell-Henley one-and-half-mile boat-race, which will be rowed the first of July.

The eyes of two continents will rest with great expectancy upon the great international yacht race, in which the America's cup will be defended for the first time by a keel-boat now under construction for the Iselin syndicate, against, no doubt, the fleet-winged Ailsa.

In track and field athletics the Intercollegiate Athletic Association expect to make a trip to England, while the London Athletic Association will cross swords with the New York Athletic Club on this side of the ocean.

British tennis experts, Scotch golfers, two cricket teams, and several crack bicycle riders will take passage for the United States during the summer.

Mr. M. F. Dwyer and Richard Croker will endeavor to start international horse-racing.

These important events, with our own inter-collegiate and inter-scholastic competitions will be watched with the greatest interest and enthusiasm.



Mirage.

SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.

To see a stranger was indeed a rare event for the little settlement that nestled away up there among the hills of Tennessee. Well nigh its only communication with the outside world was through the mail bag, that came by horseback over many miles of mountain valley, once a week, to the tiny store. So it was not strange that his appearance created keen curiosity, and not surprising that the men gathered late that afternoon at the forge for their habitual gossip, with slightly more than usual interest. Thus it was that the smithy rested his hammer on the anvil when Sid Barkins shuffled in and took his usual place on an old nail keg in the corner. Sid pulled out his plug and methodically cut for himself a goodly quid. This was always Sid's preface.

"Warl, he be a powerful quar chap," ejaculated Barkins. "Me and my woman hiv talked him plum over, an' we-all can' make nuthin' out of him. He sayed he war none uv these hier painters, like Tom Jones put up two year ago. I reckon he be one uv these hier poet men. He says t' me, sayes he, 'I jes' wan'ter live quiet like with you-all, an' spen' my time wanderin' these mountings. Yer see,' sayes he, 'I doan want any of my friends up north ter know whar I am, for *certain* reasons.

I won't bother you uns one bit.' Waal, I an' my old woman, we wus kinder suspectin' uv him, but we have took him in, by gosh!" and Sid spit resolutely to emphasize the remark.

After a breakfast of hoe-cake and bacon, he would often set out and tramp, tramp, tramp over crags and down valleys, with a long swinging step. He plunged into the depths of nature; he drank of her solace; she was very near unto him, and yet the birds as they sang seemed to mock him. No one in the settlement had ever seen him smile, but the sad lines about his face gradually began to disappear, and those simple folk knew instinctively that this man was living down some great sorrow. The rich tints of autumn fell upon the woods; the leaves browned and nestled on the ground. Then one day he took his leave, and they saw him no more.

The monotonous clatter of the street rose to the office, and as he set before the desk he threw aside his pen and heaved a bitter sigh. His mind was so tired, and there was yet a dull ache from a deeper pain. The morning's mail was laid before him. He wonderingly opened a note, the last lines of which read as follows: "I trust, John, that God will forgive me for breaking your heart. Oh, why could not I have known myself then as I know myself

now, and saved you all this terrible anguish! Ah! I now realize how strong a man's sorrow can be. Let me prove my contrition by loving you more deeply than I ever could before." S. S.

His father's hair is fiery red,
His mother's just as bad,
His own is like the rosy dawn,
Hair red-ity's his fad. C-O. 4.

HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

He loved his Dinah dearly,
And he sighed to her one night,
"Dinah, could you love me?"
And she whispered, "Dinah might."
They were married in the autumn.
When she blows him up at night
He realizes what it meant
When she whispered, "Dynamite."
C-O. 4.

RETRIBUTION.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience He stands waiting
With exactness grinds He all."
As I finished these lines, drowsiness overcame me and my Longfellow slipped from my hands. In vague ideas as to the truth of what I had read, I gradually dozed away, and the surrounding Catskills, with the blue Hudson rolling far away, melted into oblivion. But my thoughts did not cease with slumber. It seemed as if a short, queerly-clad man approached me. I instantly perceived that he was one of Hendrick

Hudson's famous crew, both from his costume and the corpulence which distinguishes those worthies. He picked up the book that lay beside me and silently read the troublesome quotation. Then turning to me bade me follow and I would see the truth of the lines. I arose. After a short walk through a pine grove, we came to the mouth of a cave, above which was a sign, "P. A. Hades."

Greatly surprised at this, I hastened after my guide. We found ourselves in a long corridor, like that of a prison. On either side were doors which evidently led to cells. From one of these, a most terrific noise of breaking dishes and a smell of hash proceeded. Above the door was the inscription, "All ye who enter here leave soap behind." My guide beckoned me to a little barred window which opened into a cell. A terrible scene laid itself open to my eyes. At long tables, covered with torn and greasy cloths, sat a line of elderly and melancholy females. At the head of the table sat a solitary man. He seemed eternally to be attempting to tell some military tales to his neighbors, who cast looks of hate upon him. Little fiends rushed up and down, bearing trays of food from which the poor wretches were served, much to their sorrow.

"Who are those poor creatures?" I asked, for I observed the quality of the stuff they were compelled to swallow.

"Landladies," replied my guide, with

a fiendish chuckle. At this moment a good-sized devil rushed in and hung up a sign, "Next course, cakes glacé a la Major." At this, a wail of misery arose from the victims, and the infuriated landladies, with one accord, rose and threw their coffee cups at the head of the solitary man. He tried to dodge, but a cup hit him on the chin, and a dirty stream of chicory flowed down his shirt front. He rose with stately dignity, somewhat spoiled by his corpulence, and began, "Mr. — used to say that you could always tell a gentlemanly landlady by her table manners, —." But he suddenly ceased as a cold potato took away his breath.

I could endure it no longer, and begged my guide to depart. But he relentlessly led me on. We came to a cell door, on which a sign requested visitors not to annoy the occupant lest he become violent and throw some "cinders," which he always kept on hand, at his persecutors. The interior of the cell was fitted up like a bookstore. Shelves, crammed with books, lined the walls. A counter ran down one side, behind which a fiend was eternally selling books to a woe-be-gone figure which stood trembling before the counter.

"What do you need?" roared the fiend.

With trembling voice the poor man murmured, "Jones' Greek Comp."

"Ninety cents," roared the storekeeper, "and if you don't pay before the end of the term you'll get fired."

"But that is too much," cried the shade, wringing his hands.

"Buy, or flunk your lessons to-morrow," yelled the fiend. "Which will you do?"

"Who is this poor being?" I inquired of my guide. But my only answer was a knowing wink.

"Let us go," I murmured, shuddering.

"But are you convinced?" he inquired. "Down here the Theological professors have to listen to eternal readings of Phillipian and Mirror healers from original rejected manuscripts."

But I was sick of human misery, and we departed.

I awoke. The sun had set and the pages of my book were already wet with the dews of night. *H. G. T.*

ALL A BLUFF.

"I swear that I never will marry,"

Said a Senior, old and gruff,
For girls are the curse of creation
And I am a bachelor bluff."

Time went on, and a sweet little maiden
Won the heart of this senior so gruff.
The cards are now out for the wedding,
For you see 'twas a bachelor bluff.

C-O. 4.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

As we wish to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips will be gladly received.

'24.—Theodore D. Weld, an intimate friend of John Brown, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and William Lloyd Garrison, died at Hyde Park, February 3, 1895; aged 91 years and 2 months.

'43.—James Farrar died at Lincoln, Mass., on February 22d, 1895. He was an earnest and loyal alumnus of the school and a man of influence in the community in which he lived.

'63.—Percival Blodgett of Templeton, Mass., is a member of the State Senate the current year.

'71.—President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University at Cleveland, O., has an interesting article on "The Increasing Cost of Collegiate Education," in the January number of The Forum.

'73.—In Worcester, Mass., December 31, 1894, Frank W. Smith of the Westfield Normal School was married to Annie Noyes Sinclair, daughter of Prof. Sinclair of the Polytechnic Institute.

'79.—In Williamstown, January 9, 1895, married, Rev. David P. Hatch of Paterson, N. J., and Cora E. Johnson of Williamstown.

'83.—Rev. W. Klein of Wenham has become the pastor of the Baptist Church in Andover.

'84.—Richard Newell, Jr., Chief Engineer of the Midland Terminal Railroad, was shot in Colorado on December 19, 1894.

'85.—George Waldo Waterman has been admitted to the Illinois Bar, and is to be addressed at "The Rookery, Chicago, Ill.

'86.—John Peters Stevens of North Andover and Miss Nellie E. Ten Broeck of New York City were married on February 12, 1895, at the Church of the Puritans.

'89.—Henry H. Appleman is supplying the pulpit at the Congregational Church in St. Charles, Minn.

'92.—Frederick D. Townsend of Melrose, captain of the Andover eleven in 1890, and of last season's Williams College eleven, was married February 21, 1895, at Albany, to Miss Katherine Savage.

'93.—Robert Gilmore who was recently seriously injured by a fall from a bicycle, is reported to be rapidly recovering. He will not return to college before next year.

'94.—April 26, S. L. Fuller rescued Arthur Ryder, also of P.A. '94, who was upset in a wherry, on the Charles River, Cambridge.

Books.

A MAN OF MARK. By Anthony Hope.

The fickleness of Americans is fast becoming proverbial, and we are forced in some measure to acknowledge the aptness of the epithet. Especially is this true in our ravings and rantings over books and authors. Verily, our American book-world is a lottery! When Trilby was occasioning no more than an appreciative interest in England, people here were making perfect idiots of themselves, and rushing into all sorts of extravagances and absurdities over it. However late we may have been in appreciating the true standing of the book, a person who has not read "The Novel of the Century" now comes upon us like a fresh breath of wind on a sultry day. In no less degree is this the case

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with Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. Just because he wrote one capital book, "The Prisoner of Zenda," people are eagerly raking around in the ashes of his old rejected manuscripts to resurrect new triumphs of art.

"The Man of Mark" is readable as every mediocre story of to-day must needs be. But in our opinion it is but little more. It varies from the ordinary "Detective" stamp only in the quality of the English. Its plot is neither novel or striking, and the very turning-point and keynote of it runs down to a fizzle.

The young banker has concocted a scheme to run away from Autreland in a steam-launch with the signorina. They are hurrying toward the dock and have already reached the beach, when the lady stumbles and sprains her ankles. Instead of lifting her in his arms and hurrying on with her, as any sane man would do, he stops, kneels down by her side, and spends a long time in trying to comfort her. This, too, at a time when, in their perilous adventure, every moment of delay was freighted with life and death.

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Surprise is but a poor expression for our feeling on reading the following in a late number of "Life": "'A Man of Mark' is inferior to 'Zenda' in only one respect—the general rascality of all its characters." What greater defect or imperfection could be pointed out? When on finishing the "Man of Mark," one lays it aside and asks himself the question, "What has this book amounted to?" he has nothing to offer. There is all the difference between good literature and bad in that single word "except." "The Prisoner of Zenda" did not teach us any deep moral truth or advance any new theory of economics or social reform, but it did paint for us a true picture of life, in spite of the impossibility of its exact occurrence. Steadfast courage, nobility of purpose, and generous and unselfish self-sacrifice,—these are the lessons it teaches and portrays. Place beside these, the characteristic qualities of the "Man of Mark." Bah! One glance is enough. No more is needed.

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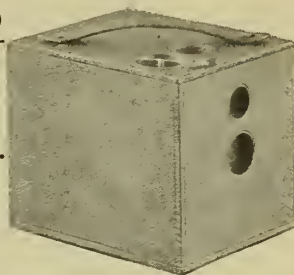
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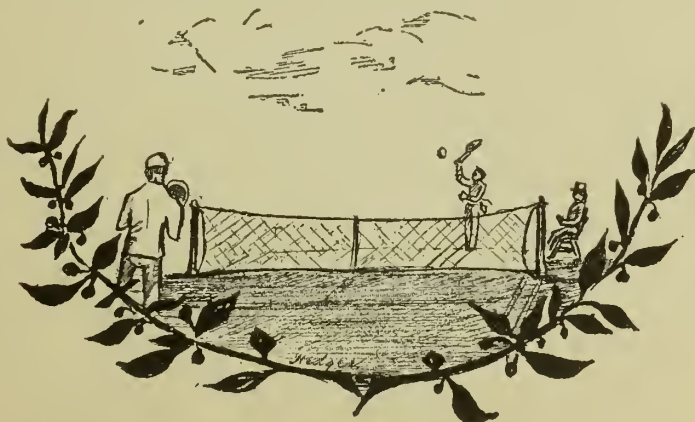
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